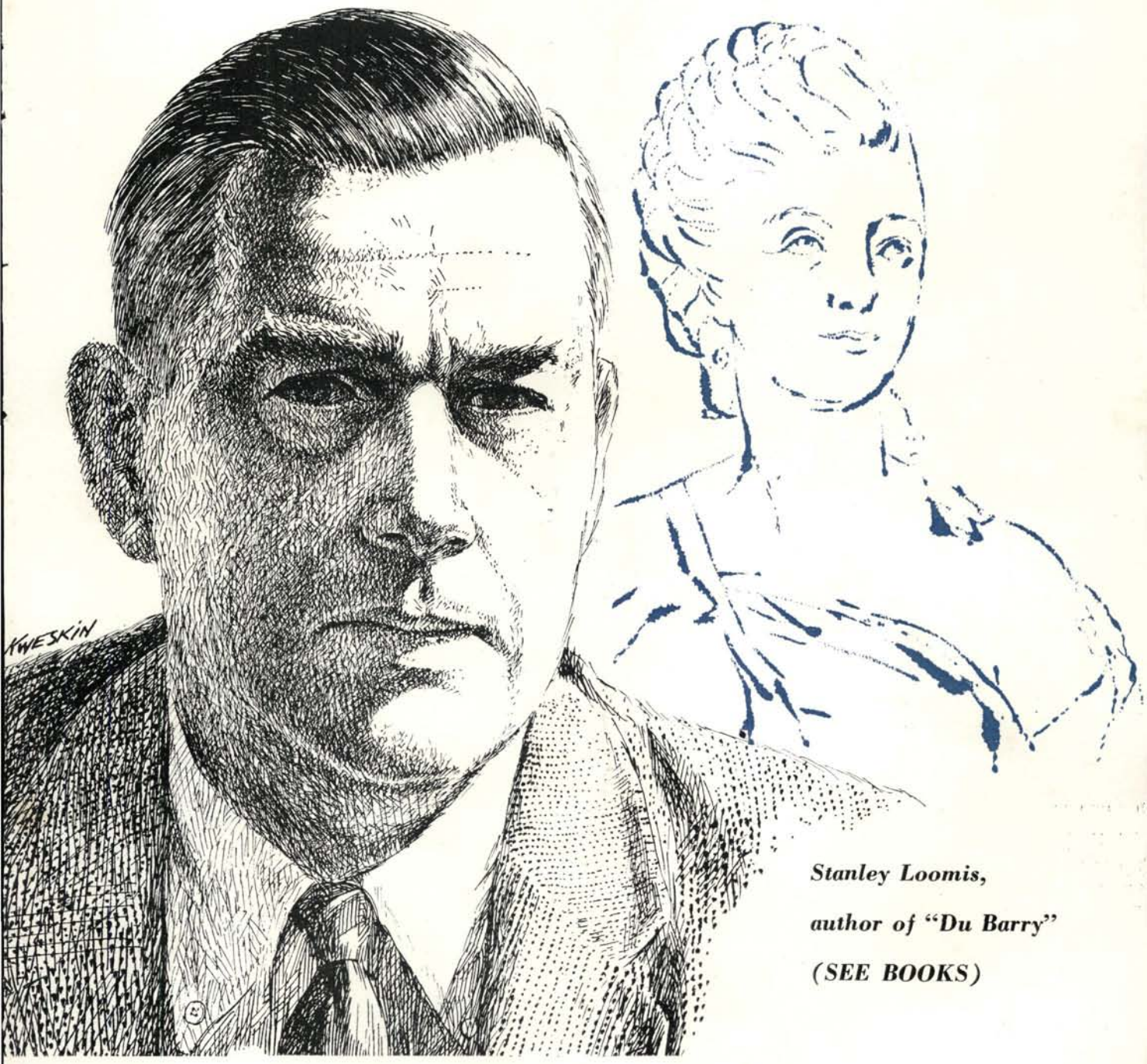
National Library Week—April 12-18, 1959

Saturday Review

APRIL 11, 1959 / 25¢



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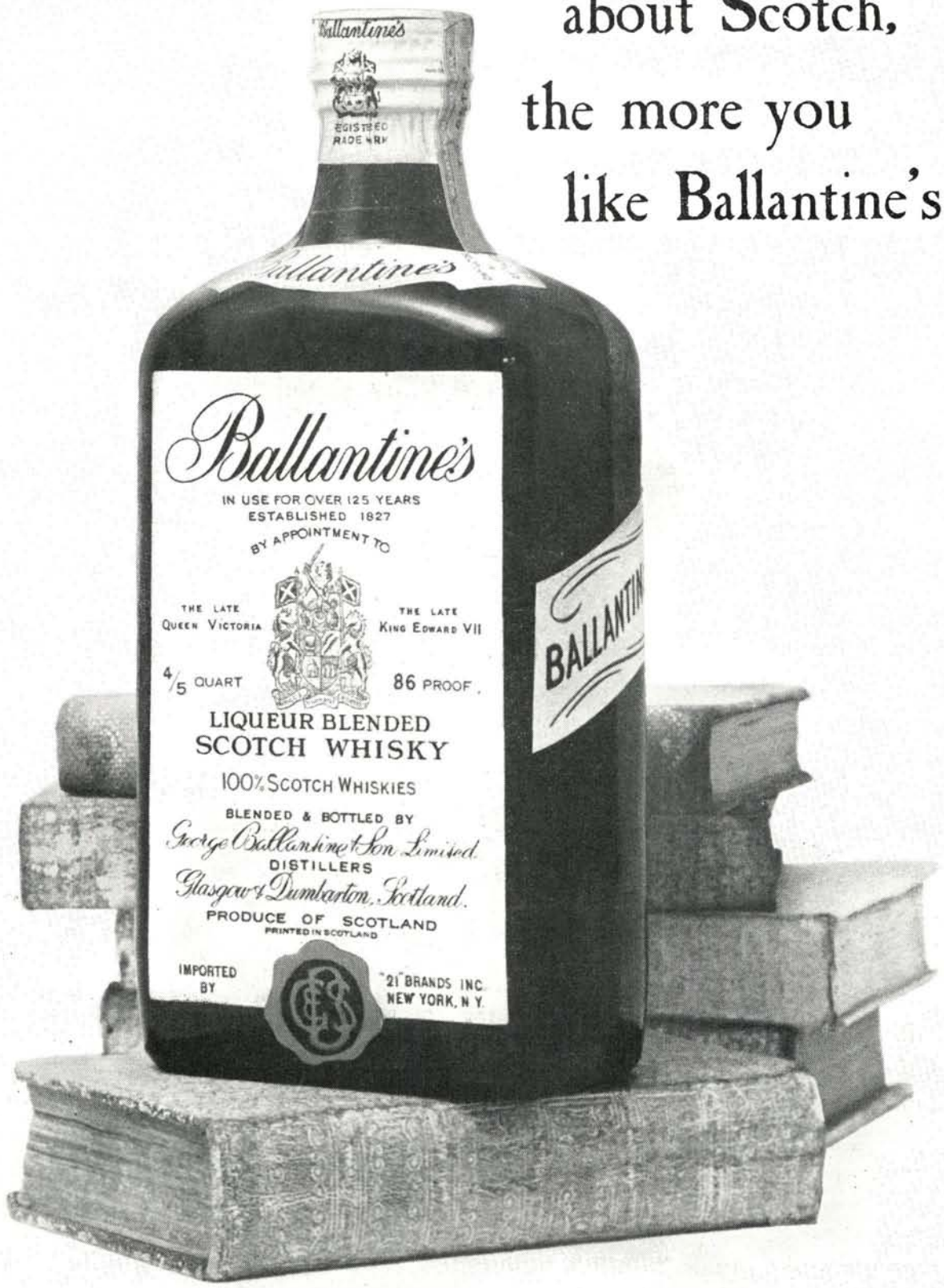

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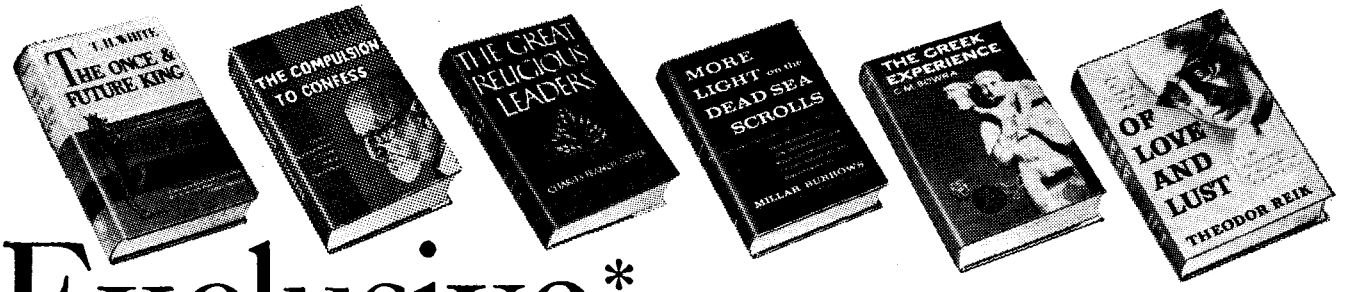

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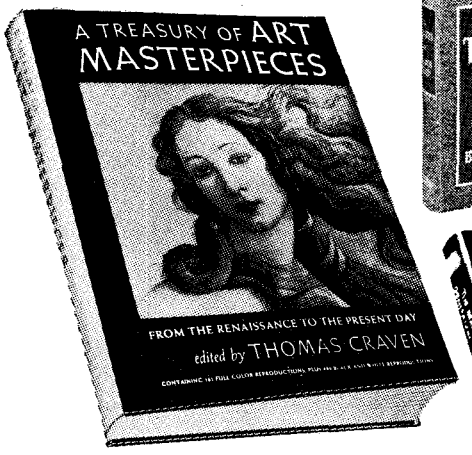

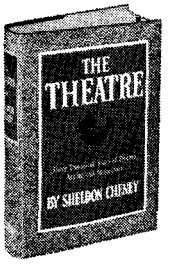

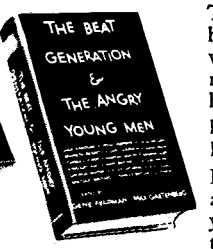

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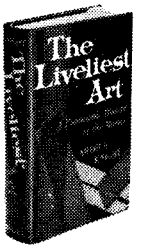

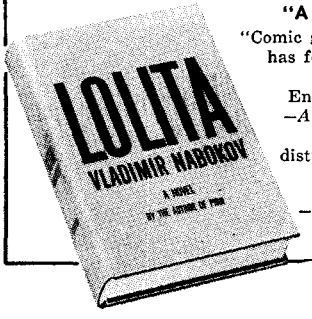

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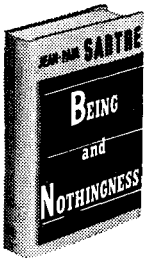

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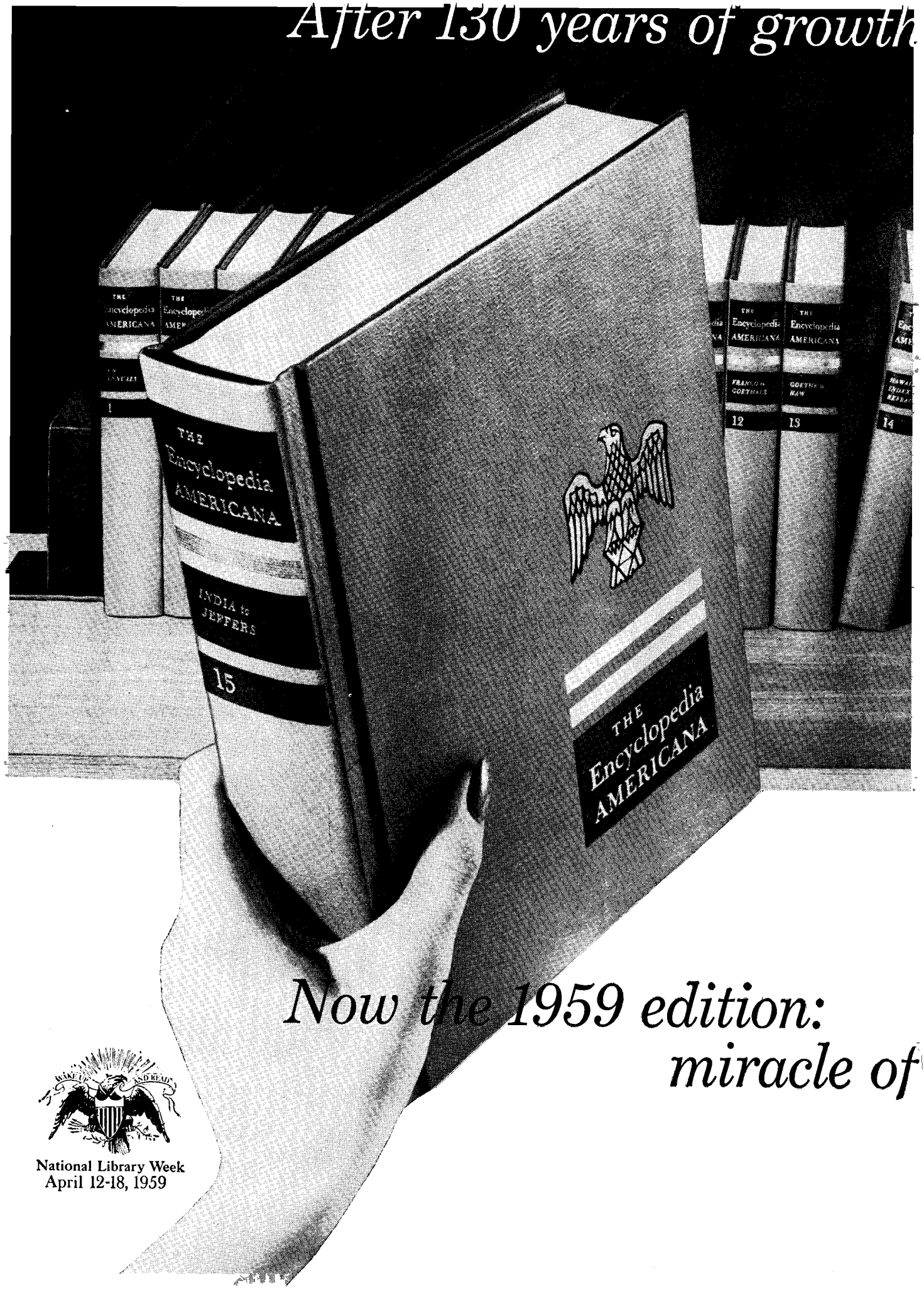

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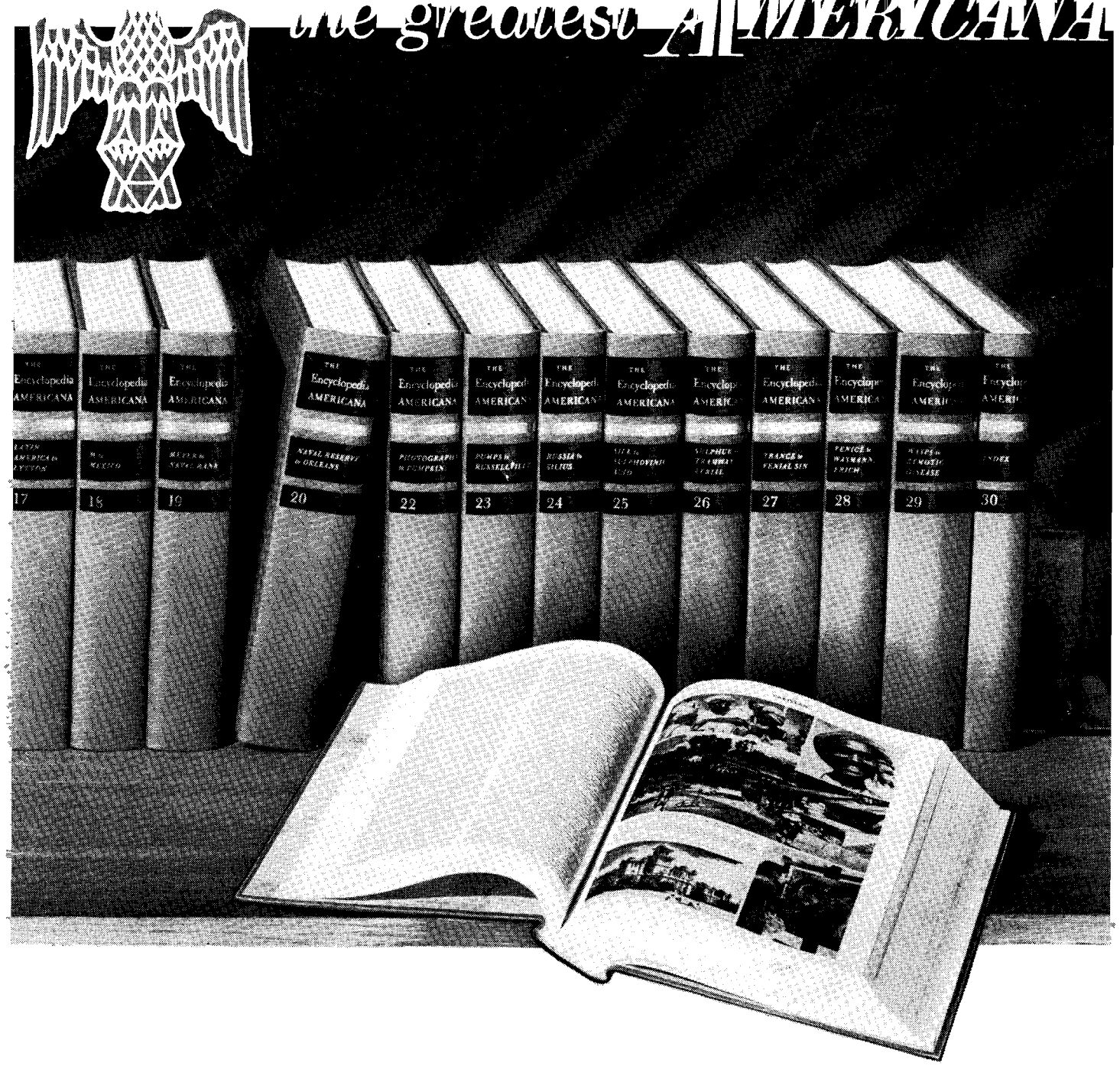

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I am also thinking of C. P. Snow's series, collectively entitled "Strangers and Brothers," which is currently unfolding one fine volume at a time. There have been seven of these books so far, probably the best of which is "The Masters."

"The Masters" is that pleasant rarity, a good novel with a university setting. It tells of the election of a new head of a Cambridge college. Dealing with faculty politics, it is a novel of characterization which also has a story of mounting drama and suspense.

The good news I have to report here is that "The Masters" has just appeared in an Anchor paperback edition at $1.25.

After you have read it, I think you will feel as I did, that you cannot wait to read the other books about the people in this one: "The Light and the Dark" and "Time of Hope," published by Macmillan; and "The New Men," "Homecoming" and "The Conscience of the Rich," published by Scribner's.

To say nothing of the volumes yet to come.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Masters" is one of a number of Anchor Books published recently by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. For a complete list of all 170 Anchor titles in print write to L. L. Day at this address. And to buy "The Masters" or any of the other C. P. Snow titles mentioned here, see your own bookseller, or any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, including the one at 436 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, which has a complete selection of all Anchor Books in print.

Saturday Review

APRIL 11, 1959

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations, Vol. XLII, No. 15, April 11, 1959. *Second class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices.* Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature." © 1959 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

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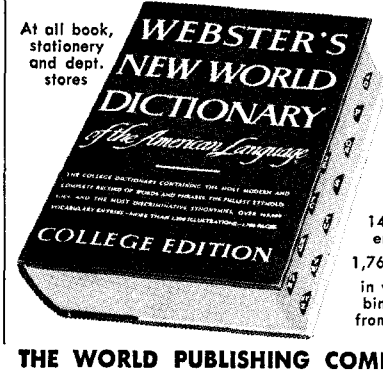

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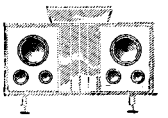

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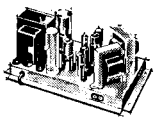

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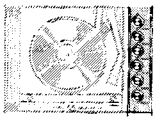

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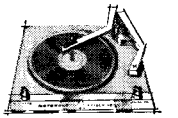

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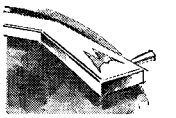

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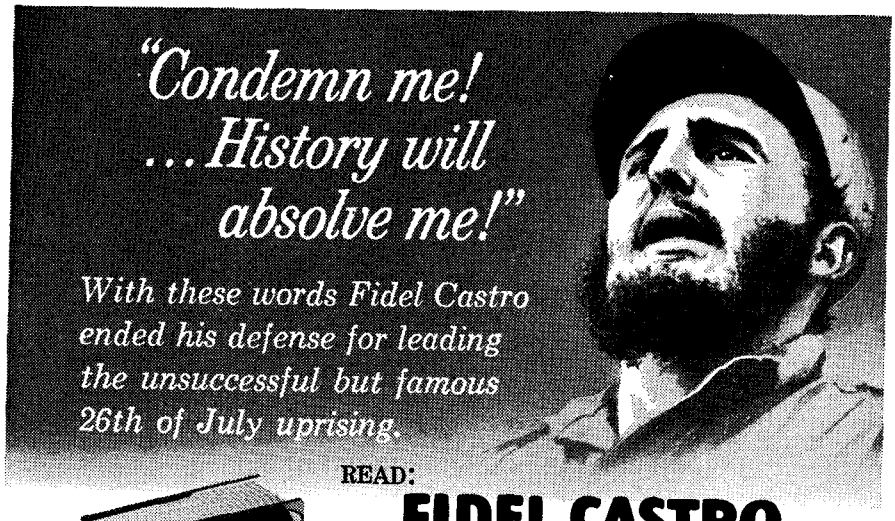
TRADE Winds

NOT BEING A TALL GIRL, I suppose I had no business reading "The Tall Girl's Handbook" (Doubleday), but I wanted to see what could be done with the subject. Well, as I found it interesting, I should imagine that tall girls are going to go crazy over it. Gwen Davenport, who wrote it, is a tall girl, and her daughter, to whom the book is dedicated, is tall, too.

Americans are conformist when it comes to the sizes of their females, just as they are in everything else. The "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue" theory has been so ingrained in us that we forget that the song was written a generation ago, and that the good-looking gals may have blue eyes but they are apt to be six inches taller today. And when they put their heels on, gosh! The first Miss America, you know, was five-one. That was 1921. In the last few years at least two girls five-ten have won the title (Bess Myerson and Colleen Hutchins). The word "tall," of course, is relative, and fortunately for the girls the boys have been growing rapidly, too. There are 3,000,000 women in America who are five feet eight or over. But for every one of them, there are five men who are five-ten or taller! But no one is satisfied. The man who is five-eleven will refer to himself as a six-footer, and the six-foot girl will tell people she is five-eleven.

Needless to say, the "Handbook" makes it clear in an amusing and readable way that tall girls can be happy and beautiful, in looks, marriage, clothes, job—anything except as airline stewardesses, where the line is drawn at five-eight. Even Lord Byron's Don Juan is found to have expressed a preference for women of "stature tall." Not the least of the problems to be solved by tall girls is how to handle the personal remarks. The most common one is "How's the weather up there?" You smile, "Why don't you grow up and find out?"

You do not respond like a six-foot-four friend of mine who at cocktail parties sometimes got up enough nerve to express his true feelings. "It's raining," he would say. Then he would pour a drink onto the head of his tormenter.


"Condemn me! ...History will absolve me!"
With these words Fidel Castro ended his defense for leading the unsuccessful but famous 26th of July uprising.

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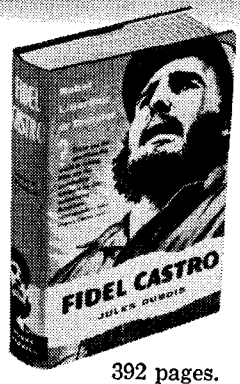

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WHY DON'T PROFESSIONAL and private eyes and adventurers form a pressure group to do something about the way they are maligned in the comics? No wonder our young people grow up with a cynical disrespect for the law, when they see what foolish things these so-called upholders of law and order engage in. The worst example is probably a fellow named Simon Templar, The Saint. When I first read of his exploits many years ago, in those early, wonderful books by Leslie Charteris, he was a tough man to deal with. Now, for crying out loud, on March 11 a baddie came up behind and drew The Saint's gun right out of the holster. Saint, as usual, was talking to a beautiful dame. I remember a couple of years ago when Saint was nailed into a crate and buried under the ground. I was hoping it would be the end of him. The artist went underground and we got a cross-section of the earth and of the Saint's wooden prison. Little bubbles went up through the ground as he thought about what a bad spot he was in. (When he thinks—bubbles; when he talks—no bubbles.)

He got out, just as Dick Tracy always gets out of the terrible fixes into which he puts himself through his stupidity and his reluctance to do anything in a simple way. In the old days cops used to tail suspects. Tracy puts a television camera in the front of the crooks' car and then sits in the station house in an armchair watching on the closed circuit where they drive to get to their hideout. How lazy can you get? Tracy was recently kicked out of an airplane with a parachute into a volcanic crater where he would have starved to death if it hadn't been for the most unusual happenstance: a missile nose cone landed near him and when the scientists came to pick it up they found our great detective. Just the other day Tracy got caught in an apartment with a hungry lion and he got scratched to beat the devil. He was calling his partner, Patton, on the wrist radio, but Patton was lying unconscious someplace else as the result of a fathead play of his own. I can only assume, because of the silence from J. Edgar Hoover, that real-life police work is like this.

AS A SORT OF TRIBUTE to librarians and National Library Week, which you'll find parts of this issue devoted to, Fanya Carter of Berkeley, California, tells me what happened several years

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by JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

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—JOHN DOLLARD, *N. Y. Times*

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FREUD

THE MIND OF THE MORALIST

by Philip Rieff

THE VIKING PRESS, New York 22

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History is where you find it. It may lie among long-forgotten notes and letters in an attic trunk... in a collection of old newspapers... or in a biography or novel you may be reading today. These are the raw materials of history by which such famous men as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and Mark Twain have been linked with Old Crow. Should you find and be the first to contribute other historical facts about Old Crow, which we accept, your reward will be $250.

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O. HENRY—A tavern owner sent us a letter from a bartender who personally served the famous author in which O. Henry is quoted as calling Old Crow "superb."

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Please send letters describing the historical fact or facts about Old Crow which you have discovered to the

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ago in the library housed in the civic center in Kirkland, Washington, when she lived in that town. With her back to the desk, Mrs. Carter was able to eavesdrop on the following conversation between the librarian and a would-be borrower:

"I'd like to take out these two books, please," said a rough, youthful voice.

"Do you have a card?" the librarian asked.

"No-o-o, I'm sorry but I don't."

"Do you live here in town?"

"Well, no-o-o, I don't."

"Would you like to take out a non-resident card? It's $1.50 a year and it's good for the whole family."

"Well, no-o-o. You see, my family isn't near here and I'm only staying until Monday."

"But where do you live?"

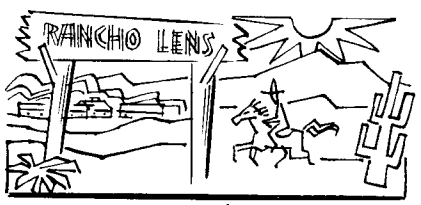
"Oh, I'm right here in this building . . . right next door." The voice dropped to a whisper. "You see, I'm in jail and I'd like something to read."

"Oh," gulped the librarian. "What—what did you do? Why are you there?"

The answer was given in too low a voice to be heard.

"Well," said the librarian firmly. "I think your wanting books to read is a good idea. Yes, you may take them out—on my card. But you will be sure to bring them back before you leave town, won't you?"

HELEN HOKE WAS THINKING that Christmas would be a good time for me to mention the latest book she has



done, with Boris Randolph, in the Franklin Watts, Inc., Terrific Triple Title Series. You mean you don't know about the Terrific Triple Title Series? Fifteen or twenty books with terrific triple titles, like "Dogs, Dogs, Dogs," and "Space, Space, Space," and likewise with subjects such as youth, witches, heroes, America and so on and on. Helen Hoke did one book entitled "The Family Book of Humor." I think the Title Editor was on vacation when that went through.

Though it's almost too late for last Christmas and perhaps too soon for one of the next ones, why not let you know that "Puns, Puns, Puns" is to be had? Fact is, it might take you till the holidays to figure out this one: A mother named her sons' cattle ranch "Lens," because it was where the sons raise meat. Or:

A husband puttered around in the

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backyard with some boards and nails while his wife lay in bed with a very bad cold.

"How's the wife?" asked a neighbor.

"Not so good."

"Sorry. Is that her coughin?"

"Oh, no. This here's a chicken coop."

See what Helen and Boris have been up to? She used the same system

she did with a lot of other triple titlers. Types out hundreds of squibs, puns and jokes on file cards, heads for a popular swimming pool in Long Beach in August, where she corners a large group of young people and pays them seventy-five cents an hour to sort the cards. Each person puts one paper clip on the gags they especially like; two on the ones they don't think are funny. All of the two-paper-clip ones are discarded and the others are kept, such as this one-clipper:

"Titian: This drawing looks amateurish."

"Michelangelo: Well, it's a matter of sketch as sketch can."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Gurney Williams asks if we heard about the little boy who kept crying "Fire!" It turned out to be a wolf.

► The head of the AFL-CIO Religious Relations Department is Methodist minister Charles C. Webber, who was once a union organizer. He recently gave a sermon on the topic, "The Life and Teachings of Moses and the Hebrew Prophets in Relation to Labor Problems."

► Aaron Stookey of Junction City, Kansas, went to a convention in one of those big old Southern resort hotels where the tipping rages unconfined. He alighted from a cab and handed the driver a dollar bill, asking for change. The driver looked at Stookey reproachfully and with a slight snarl.

"Down heah, suh, a dollah *is* change." —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1306)

Stirling:
SIGH FOR A STRANGE LAND

When the Chinese want to wish anyone harm, they say, "May you live at an interesting period of history!" Aunt Natasha had already lived through several interesting periods, and I think it was this that had developed detachment in her.

40,000,000 More People Will Need Telephone Service

Good and abundant telephone service is an indispensable part of the progress, prosperity and defense of the country.

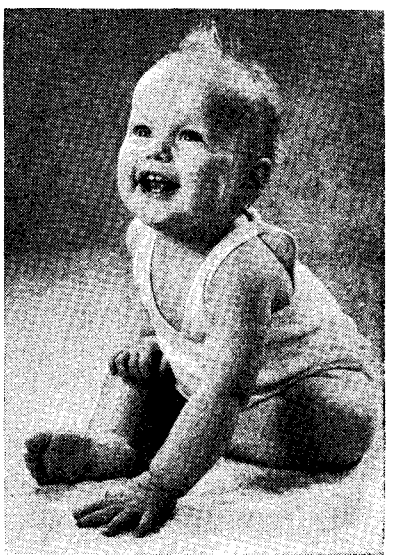
As the population grows and grows (it will be increased by 40,000,000 by 1970) it is clear that more and more communication service will be needed.

This will require large amounts of new capital and the telephone business must have good earnings to provide the service and compete for the investor's dollars. There is no other way.

Sometimes there is a tendency to think that the approval of adequate earnings is wholly in the interest of the company and that it should be resisted automatically, regardless of the need.

Actually it benefits you as a telephone user, your community, and your state.

The gain is not only in direct telephone jobs and wages but in helping each state encourage and attract other businesses. You cannot keep prosperity up while regulating telephone expansion and employment down.



NEW CUSTOMER!
Over 11,000 babies are born every day in the U.S.

Telephone users benefit by sharing the economies and efficiencies that come from being able to plan and build ahead. A repressive policy on company earnings, by limiting research, progress and long-term economies, would lead almost inevitably to poorer service at a higher price than you would otherwise have to pay.

Bell Telephone System

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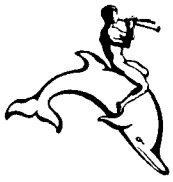
Critics' Guide to Good Books



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Coming of the New Deal
by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

"Makes reading history almost as exciting as experiencing it and sometimes more so." —*NYHT* NATIONAL BESTSELLER $6.75

The Width of Waters
by Alfred Kern

"A thoughtful novel and a distinguished debut . . ." *NYHT* $3.50

Tell Me, Stranger
by Charles Bracelen Flood
Author of *Love Is a Bridge*

"With this novel he nails down his right to recognition as one of America's finest story tellers. He is convincing and sincere, a sensualist with a spiritual outlook." — *Houston Chronicle* $3.50

Suburbia: Its People and Their Politics
by Robert C. Wood

"Remarkably probing new book . . ." — *NY Times* $4.00

An Anthropologist at Work
Writings of ***Ruth Benedict***
by Margaret Mead

"A rich storehouse of fact . . . a treasure of beauty . . . a source of inspiration." — *Chicago Tribune* $6.00

Island in the City: The World of Spanish Harlem
by Dan Wakefield

"Wakefield's report must stand as the last word on Spanish Harlem." — *The Commonweal* $4.00

Rain and the Feast of the Stars
by Reiko Hatsumi

Reminiscences of a girlhood in Japan. "The whole book is sheer delight." — *Chicago Tribune* $3.50

Harry Vernon at Prep
by Franc Smith

"Hilarious and serious . . . a hard kind to come by in these days of departmentalized fiction." — *Los Angeles Mirror News* $3.00

Memoirs of the Second World War
by Winston S. Churchill

"The great story remains told with all the Churchillian gusto and ornate skill; the best of all records of the causes of the conflict and the long, bitter, complicated struggle itself." — *NY Times* $8.75

Beti
by Daphne Rooke

"Fast-paced, filled with suspense, romantic and deftly tinged with magic . . ." — *NY Times* $3.00

The Land Beyond the Mountains
by Janice Holt Giles

"A warm and human historical novel . . . the background and flavor of the times are given with an intriguing mixture of feminine sensitivity and male saltiness." — *Saturday Review* $3.75

The Kean Land
by Jack Schaefer

"Heroes are drawn with such endearing persuasiveness that the reader is apt to run away from home to try growing into an old hero himself." — *Newsweek* $3.75

Storm in the Village
by 'Miss Read'
Author of *Village School*

"Beautifully done with a glowing warmth." — *Minneapolis Tribune* $3.50

The Burning Air
by Eugene Mirabelli

"An exceptionally well written first novel . . . His prose is spare, direct, simple and firmly and beautifully controlled." — *NY Times* $3.00

Below the Tide
by Penelope Tremayne

"One of those really rare examples of the heroic personality which can also record the substance and quality of a period of high action . . ." — *The Nation* $3.00

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Saturday Review
APRIL 11, 1959

NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK

HAS THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS BEEN SHELVED?

—Ewing Galloway.

From April 12 to 18, thousands of communities throughout the United States will be celebrating National Library Week. This event, sponsored by the National Book Committee in coöperation with the American Library Association, has as its theme "Wake Up and Read." The articles on this and the following pages are intended to deal with a few of the topics related to this program. In our leading story, A. L. Todd, a free-lance writer who has used the facilities of the Library of Congress, discusses its problems.

By A. L. TODD

THE second National Library Week might seem like the proper occasion on which to shower praises on all good libraries. But Americans who love books would do better this year to face up to the serious crisis before their biggest and most important book collection. The Library of Congress needs help.

Because of its size and the money behind it, professional librarians, researchers, and writers regard the Library of Congress as the leader of the American library movement. Laudatory epithets have tumbled down on its verdigris-covered dome: brightest gem of American culture, fortress of freedom, Acropolis of America, temple of Western culture, etc.

Let it be made plain right here that the Library of Congress, relative to other libraries in the United States, is a marvelous institution staffed by the most able, dedicated professionals. It is one of the wonders of the modern world. But this does not mean it is anywhere near what it could be, or should be, as the child of the richest government on earth. In fact, the Library of Congress is Uncle Sam's hungry Oliver Twist.

At the moment, its most pressing need is money. Its budget last year, roughly $13,000,000, was about one-sixtieth of 1 per cent of the total Federal Government outlay. Every spring the Librarian of Congress and his aides, all creatures of Congress, must do their dignified best to wheedle funds from a House Appropriations subcommittee, which has its mind on much bigger deals than running the enlarged Congressional bookroom across the street. Yet each year Librarian L. Quincy Mumford faces the Congressmen virtually alone, without even the support of a briefcase full of letters that the book-lovers of this country would gladly send him if they only knew of his ordeal.

Beyond the yearly budget skirmish lies the need for physical space. The Library is overflowing to the point where last year Mumford looked into renting a near-by abandoned department-store warehouse for storage. He lost out to the wreckers, who smashed the building down into a parking area for Congressional cars. Now he is searching for 200,000 square feet of stop-gap rental floor space. The main Library building dates back to 1897, and its annex to 1939. Since then the number of items in the Library of Congress have increased from 15,000,000 to 37,000,000, and its staff has more than doubled. It must have a third permanent building, and quickly.

THE kind of new building and equipment Congress will vouchsafe, what level of expense the House Appropriations Committee will brook, can determine the Library's course for the next half century. Whatever these men decide on, the coming generation will be stuck with it. It can be an up-to-date center for the Library complex, a Twentieth Century facility that will fulfill the Library's role as a model and a leader. At the other end of the scale, it could be just a huge storehouse for books.

These two pressing issues—annual appropriations and the third building

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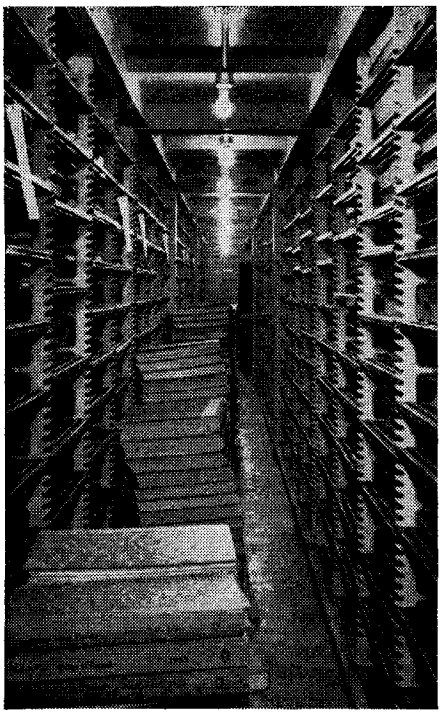

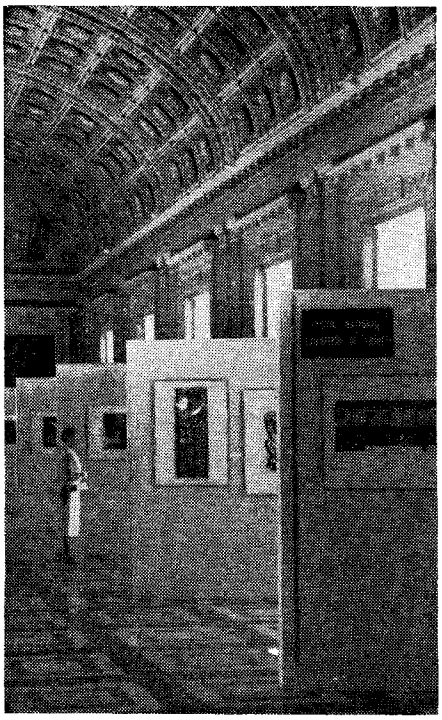

Stacks of 1939 Library of Congress annex can't accommodate bound newspapers (left). At right, a print exhibition in Main Building shows ornate decor, nonfunctional use of space.

—lead directly to the matter of Library control. Whose Library is it, anyhow? Who should decide its fate?

Right now the Library of Congress is like a big boy still bound by his mother's apron strings. "Mother" means Congress, 533 legislators. It is time to ask whether the apron strings may not be untied, the boy permitted to grow on his own and plan his own life, while still paying Momma the respect due her. Whether she will agree is another matter.

Congress gave birth to its library in 1800, when the seat of Federal Government was moved to the rustic site on the Potomac. Washington had few houses and no library, so it was essential that Congress set up its own book collection. As the activities of Government grew, so did the Library of Congress. In Capitol rooms, which became steadily more confining, the Library, by post-Civil War years, was used at an increasing rate by serious non-Congressional research workers admitted on Congressional courtesy.

The opening sixty-two years ago of the ornate, Italian Renaissance pile facing the Capitol was a milestone marking the Library's gradual metamorphosis from a small group of bookrooms for legislators and their guests into an important institution of national stature. Certain members of Congress cried out against its creeping change toward a national as well as Congressional library, but they were outvoted.

Early in this century, space in the then-new building was already strained. More decks were built into two of its interior courtyards. As accessions increased in geometrical leaps, the severely modern annex of dazzling white marble was built in the 1930s. When it opened in 1939, the 1897 building was still considered adequate as the heart and brain of the system.

Today the Library of Congress boasts more than 36,900,000 items, broken down roughly as follows: 11,400,000 books and pamphlets; 15,688,000 manuscripts; 2,387,000 maps and views; 2,000,000 musical scores; 2,970,000 photographic negatives, prints and slides; 104,000 phonograph records; 161,000 bound newspapers and periodical volumes; 583,000 fine prints and reproductions; 122,000 motion picture reels; 155,000 reels and strips of microfilm; 414,000 talking books (records) for the blind; 784,000 other items, such as microprints, photostats, broadsides and posters. From any viewpoint, this library is a giant—possibly the biggest on earth. It needs more room.

Last spring, Senator Theodore Francis Green, the venerable and cultured Rhode Island Democrat who at the time was chairman of the Congressional Joint Committee on the Library, asked Librarian Mumford to confer with the Architect of the Capitol, J. George Stewart (who is to Capitol Hill roughly what the superintendent of buildings and grounds is to a university campus) and come in with a recommendation of what is needed and feasible in a third Library building. The project had been talked about in vague terms, but nothing had been done until then.

IN AUGUST, the Mumford-Stewart report reached the committee office, where it rested in a drawer until Congress reconvened in January. As of the time of writing, no committee meeting had yet been called, either to consider the new building report or even to go through the formality of Green's turning the joint committee chairmanship over to Rep. Omar Burleson of Texas, who is scheduled to head the group in 1959 under its arrangement for alternating chairmen.

Since it takes an estimated four to eight years from the moment of decision to ribbon-cutting (making and approving plans, condemnation and purchase of land, settling claims, demolition of built-up block, constructing and equipping a modern library building) this delay is tragic. If the present pattern continues, overcrowding will become ever worse until the third building opens, Congress willing, sometime in the mid-1960s.

It is not just a matter of *when* it will be ready, but also of *what* the new structure will be. Back of this lies a policy decision by Congress on what it wants. Mumford surely bore in mind, when preparing his report on what *he* wants, that Congress has shown in the recent past that *it* does not believe in operating Libraries Unlimited.

IF THE final decision is for the finest of libraries for the service of the nation, as well as Congress, then architects, engineers and librarians will have here a golden opportunity to bring into being the most efficient large research library in the world. The United States Government is the logical backer (perhaps the only one) rich enough to pay the bill for a pilot library of the future, which can make full use of electronic data-processing equipment, microfilm, photocopying, soundproofing, humidity control, and other wonders of modern technology already developed. Such a library of the future, once built and equipped, would show the way to modernization of hundreds of university and public library systems.

So far the Mumford-Stewart report is secret. If or when the joint committee chooses to make it public, the American scholarly community will have a chance to express its views. Then the issue of what the Library of Congress is, or should be, will come out into the open for debate for the first time in many years.

The Library of Congress is a dual

(*Continued on page* 46)

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A View of Soviet Libraries

By IRVING R. LEVINE, *author of "Main Street, USSR," NBC Correspondent.*

Moscow.

THE GIRL in her twenties, an elevator operator at Moscow's Ukrania Hotel, looked up from her book only long enough to make sure that everyone was in before she closed the doors and pushed buttons for the requested floors. Seated on a high, leather-padded stool, she was engrossed in reading between stops. When I asked about it, she said the book was a biography of the nineteenth century Russian artist, I. I. Shishkin, and she had borrowed it from the hotel's library for employees.

The driver of the ZIM taxi was reading a translation of James Fenimore Cooper's "The Pathfinder" as he waited at a taxi-stand. When I got into the car I asked if I might look at the book. The number and address of a Moscow library was stamped inside the front and back covers. I asked him how often he takes books from the library. "As soon as I finish one, I take another," he replied.

The ten-day tourist or the long-term foreign resident in Moscow sees numerous examples such as these which indicate that the Russians are avid readers. There is a hunger for books that results in the reading rooms of libraries being crowded and in editions of several hundred thousand copies of a translation of Shakespeare, for example, being sold out in only a few days.

As in most phenomena in the Soviet Union, there is more than one reason for this lust for literature. So many pamphlets and books of a purely indoctrinal nature are published that there's a vast, unsatisfied demand for fiction. Then, too, there are few other distractions such as entertaining magazines or television programs to divert people, and the Russians find escapism in books from the drabness and cares of daily life. Also, reading rooms are crowded for the same reason that seats at post-office writing tables are almost always full, and park benches occupied even on the coldest days. Apartments are so jammed, with often an entire family living in one room, that a library or post office or park provides a retreat of comparative privacy. Most important, though, is the fact that many Russians are serious people who like to read.

In reciting accomplishments—whether in steel output, yield per hectre of *kukurooza* (corn), or effectiveness of libraries—Soviet authorities always produce an abundance of statistics.

This was the case when Alexandre Andreyeva Khrenkova opened a blue paper folder on her desk at Russia's Ministry of Culture across Kitaisky Street from the long brick wall that once demarcated the oldest section of Moscow. A tidy woman, forty-five years old, in a plain blue dress relieved only by a white collar of eyelet embroidery, Mrs. Khrenkova holds the responsible position and imposing title of Head of the Library Department of the Ministry of Culture of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic. Seated under a standard portrait of Lenin, Mrs. Khrenkova put on her eyeglasses to read from her statistics sheet:

There are 220,000 libraries in Russia, the largest and most populous of the 15 Republics that comprise the USSR. In all of the USSR there are now nearly 400,000 libraries.

Like Soviet statistics on other subjects, the number of libraries becomes somewhat less impressive when more closely examined. The figure includes many one room and even one bookcase affairs on farms and in shops, and such small libraries as those mounted on the back of a truck that carries several hundred titles on periodic trips to settlements in remote Arctic areas like Yakutia.

Social sciences reading room, V.I. Lenin State Library in Moscow.

The similarities between Soviet and American libraries are many (libraries in both countries make reference material available and lend books), but the differences are perhaps more striking. Only now, explained Mrs. Khrenkova, are plans being made to outfit libraries with *open* book shelves among which readers may browse. At present, in almost all Soviet libraries, the reader has only the card catalogue (filed by author, title and subject matter in the Tropovsky Decimal System, which is the Dewey Decimal System by a Russian's name) to consult in selecting books. He cannot take books from the shelves and "shop" for something to read as is the case at almost all American circulating libraries.

A VISIT to neighborhood Library No. 18 in the Kievsky District of the capital reveals other differences between libraries in the United States and in the USSR. Situated on the Chaikovsky Ring, a thirteen-lane traffic belt that forms a circumference around the center of the city, library No. 18, named after Alexei Nikolaevich Dobrolubov, a Russian educator and writer of the nineteenth century, does not enjoy the luxury of a building of its own. Few Soviet libraries do. In a country where resources have been invested first in factories and other means of production, it has been enough to publish the enormous amount of 60,000 titles of all sorts last year alone. In most cases, appropriate buildings to contain these books will have to come later.

As a matter of fact, the Dobrolubov Library has the handicap of having separate entrances for its reference reading room and its lending section. Between the two entrances is a block of apartments. The day I visited the Dobrolubov Library, its director (chief librarian) Mrs. Valentina Sergeyevna Zhdanova was suffering from a severe cold, probably incurred, she complained, from running out in the still chill and snowy March weather between the severed sections of her domain.

For the most part, librarians are women. Like so many Soviet enterprises, the three-room, 135,000 volume Dobrolubov Library is overstaffed. There are fifteen full-time librarians and several dozen students from library institutes who work part-time. There are two women to tend the coat checkroom, two char-

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women, and an electrician, the only man on the staff.

A display of new books included these titles: "Elections in the U.S.S.R. and in Bourgeoise Countries," "Stories of the New Lands," "Poems of 1958," "The Berlin Question," and a novel, "Shadow Underground."

The card catalogue contains the array of American authors considered suitable reading by Soviet arbiters of cultural tastes—Theodore Dreiser, Jack London, Bret Harte, James Fenimore Cooper, O. Henry, Mark Twain, and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The book most in demand at the moment is a work of fiction, "Struggle in the Road," by Galina Evgenievna Nikolayeva. It is the story of the struggle between a demagogic, Stalinistic factory director and a hard-working, sincere engineer. The latter triumphs.

MRS. ZHDANOVA, a manifestly efficient organizer who is devoted to her work, earns 1,113.27 rubles per month. At the rate at which Americans exchange dollars for rubles this amounts to $111.33 a month. However, it can more accurately be appraised in terms of Soviet wage standards that pay an experienced doctor or a skilled factory worker about 1,200 rubles ($120) monthly.

However, in Western eyes Mrs. Zhdanova's salary seems small recompense, indeed, for one who has studied geology and law at the Soviet equivalent of college before finally graduating from the Moscow Librarian Institute. Born in 1925 in a small provincial town about 200 miles south of Moscow, Mrs. Zhdanova dug trenches and worked in a hospital during the war, although then only in her teens. As a librarian, she has held a series of responsible jobs including Inspector of Moscow's Children's Libraries and instructor at the Institute from which she had graduated. Even while holding her present post, she is taking correspondence courses to earn a higher degree.

"The task of the librarian," she told me, "is to know the reader's background, his interests and his scope, so that ideally the librarian will know what sort of books each reader is prepared for.

"Since we service only about 6,500 persons we can know most of our readers pretty well. A librarian should become acquainted with the reader and learn his capabilities."

To qualify to take books home from a library, the Russian presents his identity card (issued to every Muscovite at the age of sixteen and called a "passport") and enters pertinent data on the front of a small, ten-page library booklet. This data includes his name, passport number, address, education, place of work, telephone number and special fields of interest. This booklet is filed at the library. Each time the Russian borrows a book its number and due date is entered in a space in the booklet.

There is also space provided for the librarian's comments. I was shown a handful of these personal booklets. In one was entered a librarian's symbol, a little square, to show that the man was a systematic reader. Another booklet bore the entry that the person was a fast reader who was interested in books on electrical and/or technical subjects.

Financed and supervised by Russia's Ministry of Culture, the Dobrolubov, like other state libraries, has a "soviet" or council composed of neighborhood "activists." The Dobrolubov's council of fourteen members includes several students, housewives, two old-age pensioners, a teacher and an engineer. This body contributes its advice and layman opinion to the library staff, much in the relationship of a Parent Teachers' Association to a school.

The practices at the small Dobrolubov neighborhood library seem no more unusual to an American than do some of those at the large Soviet Union's National Library—the Lenin

Library—a block from the Kremlin. A huge square-columned edifice of dark grey stone with several wings, the Lenin Library, which the Russians claim is the largest library in the world, contains 20,000,000 items with more than 9,000,000 volumes.

These books are stored in a most singular fashion—not by subject, or author or even alphabetically, but rather by *size*!

Books on any subject, say, anthropology, come in a variety of sizes, of course. Cubic inches of precious stack space are wasted when a twenty-inch-high book shares a shelf with anthropological neighbors that are only nine inches high. However, this conservation of space by putting only books of the same size on any shelf regardless of the subject matter creates other problems. A student doing research in anthropology has nothing to gain by getting permission to go into the stacks. He might have to wander through the eighteen stories of the library's book stack building with its 170 miles of shelves in order to find all the books he wants on the subject. Similarly, the task of delivering to the student all the books he may desire from his examination of the catalogues requires an enormous amount of leg work by library assistants who take slips of paper bearing the books' numbers from a conveyor belt that discharges capsules at the proper floor. It is no wonder that the Lenin Library employs 2,000 librarians and assistants, and a total of 2,500 persons including janitorial and other service staff.

Stopping at one shelf at random in the stacks of the Lenin Library I found this incongruous array of books: "A Manual of French," "Robinson Crusoe," "Textbook of Russian Law," "History of the Ancient World," "Medical: Dermatology," "Physics," "Social Crisis of the Roman Empire," "History of Poland," "Maternity and Child Care" (three volumes), "Volgini" (a Russian novel), and a pair of books in Chinese. The only thing each has in common is size—a neat seven and three-quarters inches in height.

The minimum time for delivering a book to a reader at the Lenin Library is one hour. It usually takes a good deal longer and a person may choose to go off on errands after writing down the names and numbers of the books he wants and handing the slips to a desk attendant. Six to seven thousand people use the Lenin Library every day and, on an average day, 25,000 to 30,000 books are used. The main reading room, with walls paneled in dark wood part of the way to the lofty chandeliered ceiling, is impressive and attractive. Chairs at individual, partitioned desks are provided for 500 people. A map of the world (divided in the Pacific Ocean instead of through the USSR as is customary in most Mercator projections in use in the USA) covers the front wall. In front of the map stands the benign figure of Lenin, a statue several times life-size, gazing down on the scene.

UNLIKE most American Libraries, the Lenin and most other Soviet libraries are open on Sunday—the only day off for factory and office workers. In fact, the Lenin Library closes only one day a month—a *different* day each month. The day of closing is announced a week or so ahead of time simply by posting a notice in the reading rooms. A less than habitual patron of the library might thus be disappointed if he came to the Lenin Library on the particular day of the month that it is closed for general cleaning. In the context of complex, crowded, everyday Soviet life, this is not likely to be considered an unusual inconvenience by the Russian citizen.

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Librarians and Their Books

By LAWRENCE C. POWELL, *who is Librarian, University of California at Los Angeles.*

I SHALL never forget my wife's response when, one day in the Depression, I came home from my part-time job in a book shop and announced my intention of becoming a librarian.

"You a librarian?" she exclaimed.

"Why not?" I asked, defensively.

"You're too lively. Besides, you read books."

I am at odds with the library intelligentsia who believe that by gloving themselves from physical contact with books, librarians thereby enhance their status. What makes a librarian professional, in my book, is his devotion this side of fanaticism to the cordial service of people who want and need books. A good librarian knows, serves, believes. He ignores clock and calendar, and the caste that deifies the administrator and degrades the book-handling (and reading) rank and file as untouchables.

The public expects only two things of a librarian: that he be bookish, and that he be cordial. I believe that any worker in a library, regardless of rank, who is neither bookish nor cordial is in the wrong work. And by "bookish," I mean informed about the contents of any library he works in.

A writer in *The San Francisco Chronicle* recently called me "The Controversial Librarian," and it is true that there are librarians who do not think it imperative, as I do, for librarians to be both bookish and humane. Some believe that administration is a pure science and that its universal laws apply to all areas of management, and therefore that a head librarian is better trained in a school of scientific personnel administration than in a bookstore or library.

There is another group that finds my bookish humanism out of date, and with whom I have engaged in controversy. They are the so-called special librarians who have arisen to serve the expanding needs of business, industry, science, and Government. They have to deal with the masses of non-book data spawned by the scientists. Known as documentalists, rather than librarians, they "search literature" and "retrieve information," employing coded cards and machines. Some library schools have retooled to train for this expanding field.

If librarians are publicly stereotyped as prim, austere, timid, nondescript, dull, superficial, petty, tyrannical technicians who yearn for the status of ministers, doctors, lawyers, and architects, what is library education doing to change this popular conception which, incidentally, has come to be believed of themselves by many librarians?

The library schools are trying to train people for a variety of jobs by grounding them in the importance of libraries in society and at the same time giving them basic technical knowledge. Many of the later failures on the job can be blamed on librarians themselves having sent the wrong kind of recruits to the library schools.

A different turn was taken a generation ago when the University of Chicago founded a Graduate Library School to elevate librarianship by emphasizing research. Librarianship was studied primarily as a social science. Outstanding results were achieved in research on library history and government, but in my opinion librarianship at large has not been served by this emphasis. Trained in survey and statistical techniques as an administrative elite, graduates often went into administrative positions without having had library experience, and applied research techniques to the management of libraries. Some succeeded, others failed, for there is no more correlation between the ability to research and to govern people than there is between research and teaching. The patron who uses a library never thinks of himself as a survey guinea pig, nor do librarians like being pins on an organizational chart. Of the thousands of library positions throughout the country, an infinitesimal fraction require librarians with research degrees.

And yet this emphasis on administrative research at the expense of training in the real fundamentals has spread to other library schools, so that today Columbia, Michigan, Illinois, and California at Berkeley offer the doctor's degree, beyond the master's that most librarians take.

It was not demand from the field that brought about these programs, but rather the schools' need to improve their status on campus. Librarianship is not generally recognized by academic people in other fields as a legitimate area for graduate study, unless it is doctored into being something that working librarians neither like nor need.

Academic research emphasis is not satisfying the need of libraries for workers who are not overtrained to the degree of snobbishness, the need for librarians who have hands and hearts, as well as heads—and good feet. If this turn in library education has failed to raise its status on the campuses where it is taught, it is in even worse repute with many practicing librarians, who charge it with being imitative, impractical, pretentious, dull, and deadly to the spirit.

AND there is our dilemma. Who are we? Professionals, craftsmen, salesmen, teachers, or a bit of all? I am going to have to answer this question as best I can, for mine is the responsibility for establishing a new library school at UCLA, to be opened in the fall of 1960.

"Powell has been a bad boy," one library educator is said to have declared, when he heard about the UCLA library school. "And his punishment is in his being given a library school."

I can begin by banishing the word

science. I prefer *service.* In evaluating applicants most library schools send out to their references complex performance and personality rating sheets. At UCLA we will be more concerned with answers to these questions:

Does the applicant read? Does he desire to serve others? Is he friendly? Has he the capacity to learn?

We will seek to enroll young college graduates, preferably with some library experience, rather than older

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people who come to library work as a last resort. We will not encourage introverts, aesthetes, misfits, those who see in the library stacks an ivory tower, those who "just love books," or who having failed at a variety of things, come to library work, usually on the advice of friends who see librarianship as less demanding than other occupations.

We will not issue descriptive literature about the UCLA school that does not at least mention the word *book*. I am not joking. One of the library schools sent out a prospectus for a course in administration, which ran to thousands of words, not one of which was the word *book*. I cannot think of a more damning example of what is wrong with library education.

We will teach students about books and other forms of recorded knowledge, about the importance of libraries in a free society, and about the responsibilities of librarians in defending man's right to read all sides of all questions.

We will instruct in the arts and skills of acquiring books and of employing them usefully, in the planning and operation of buildings; and first, last, and always, in the ways of consummating the next greatest of all earthly unions, that of a man with a book.

We will expect our graduates to know, and to know how to impart knowledge, and most important of all, to want to do this more than anything else, and to believe that this act of serving others who want books almost as much as they want food and love, is a calling, a dedicated way of life that can approach the ministry and medicine in its selfless devotion.

When students meet teachers who know and believe and are able to impart their belief, then are they converted, then will they go forth as servants of the book, convinced that the greatest good they can do is to aid old readers and make new ones. This may be in a position in the children's room of a town library, a seat beside the driver of a bookmobile, a job in a hospital library or overseas information center, no matter where, as long as there is contact with books, partnership with people, and animation by the ideals and the knowledge, the arts and skills learned from teachers, from reading, and from field work. This is what should be taught as the goal of librarianship, not frittering in an office, designing forms, pinning up charts, memo-izing, administering by remote control, gowned and gloved against the dust and dirt of the workaday bookworld, blindly sterile, and certain of success because administrative eminence and top salary have been attained.

The Librarians in Oz

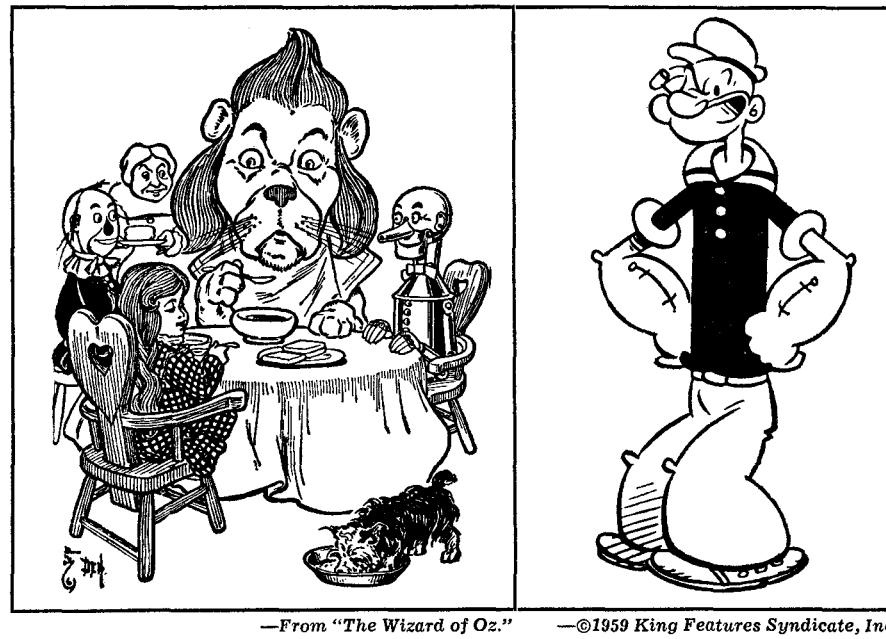
By MARTIN GARDNER

THE distinguished Public Educator of Oz and President of the Royal College of Art and Athletic Perfection is Professor H. M. Wogglebug, T. E. As all students of Oz know, the initials stand for Highly Magnified and Thoroughly Educated. "I am in reality a very big bug," the professor said on one occasion, "and doubtless the most intelligent being in all this broad domain."

In the United States there is a peculiar species of librarian, the members of which have much in common with Professor Wogglebug. No longer content to be mere custodians of books, they have taken upon themselves the additional burden of deciding what the less thoroughly educated public should and should not read. Their motto: "Wake up and read what *we* think you should read."

In the field of children's books these librarians have developed a chronic allergy to fantasy, and to Oz books in particular. Last February the State Librarian of Florida, Miss Dorothy Dodd, included "The Wizard of Oz" on a list of books that she urged all public libraries in her state to withdraw from circulation. "Kids don't like that fanciful stuff anymore," agreed Dr. Frank B. Sessa, chairman of the Miami Public Library. "They want books about missiles and atomic submarines." According to Miss Dodd, the books on her list are "poorly written, untrue to life, sensational, foolishly sentimental and consequently unwholesome for the children in your community."

Librarians have been saying this about Oz books for half a century, but in recent years their voices have become more strident. In 1957, Frank Ulveling, Director of Libraries in Detroit, admitted that for thirty years "The Wizard of Oz" had not been permitted in the children's room of the Detroit Public Library or any of its branches. Three copies were available in the stack collection. "This is not banning," he wrote in *The American Library Association Bulletin* (October, 1957). "It is selection."



—*From "The Wizard of Oz."* —*©1959 King Features Syndicate, Inc.*

Left: Dorothy and Oz friends, the Scarecrow, Lion, and Tin Woodman; Right: Popeye.

The Detroit Times failed to appreciate such a fine distinction. They published "The Wizard of Oz" serially, introducing each installment with a statement saying that this was the book that the city's library had banned. Most libraries make similar "selections." The New York Public Library is a bit more tolerant. "The Wizard" can be found in the children's room, but if a child wants to read any of L. Frank Baum's thirteen other Oz books he must go to the main reading room, or to one of the rare book rooms where valuable first editions of Oz books are guarded under lock and key. Is there any doubt that today's

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youngsters want to read about Oz? At present at least seven different editions of "The Wizard" are in print, and all of them selling briskly. Reilly and Lee, the small Chicago house that published all the Oz books except "The Wizard," is now having Baum's books re-illustrated, one by one, because the plates for the old illustrations have finally worn out. Two years ago, a Milwaukee librarian (Milwaukee is one of the few cities where Oz books are not banned from circulating libraries) reported that the children had worn out 135 copies of "The Wizard" in eight years, were rapidly wearing out the fifty remaining copies, and that twenty-five more were on order.

In 1956, *The New York Times* conducted a poll of teenagers in the Greater New York area, asking them, "Which books did you like best when you were young?" The Oz books topped the list. "As a child, I did not particularly like to read," declared one girl, "but in the fourth grade I found a book which stimulated me so that I wanted to go on reading as much as I could. The book was 'The Land of Oz.' It was filled with the rarest and most absurd images; I had never encountered such make-believe. The fantastic creatures I met overwhelmed and delighted me . . ."

Granting that children do like the Oz books, one can hear Miss Dodd murmur, that doesn't mean that we shouldn't make valiant efforts to persuade them to read better books. Well, I deny that there are better books; at least not better fairy tales for an American child. I am not alone in this opinion. In fact it is the opinion of almost everybody who isn't a librarian or self-styled authority on juvenile literature, and, I am happy to add, of many librarians as well. Roland Baughman, head of the Special Collections Department of Columbia University Libraries, wrote a splendid and moving appreciation of Baum in the *Columbia Library Columns*, May, 1955. The following year Columbia sponsored a magnificent exhibit of Baum's writings.

In 1957, the Michigan State University Press brought out an edition of "The Wizard," with the original Denslow illustrations. This volume contains another excellent critical evaluation of Baum, written by Russell B. Nye, chairman of the university's English department and a Pulitzer Prize-winner. The new Reilly and Lee edition of "The Wizard" carries an afterword by still another English professor, Edward Wagenknecht, of Boston University. He calls the book "the greatest wonder tale ever written in this country."

"Come, then," he urges, "and follow the road of yellow brick to the Emerald City. For life itself is a quest, and you too are a pilgrim. And you will not make your own journey less wisely for having followed Dorothy in hers."

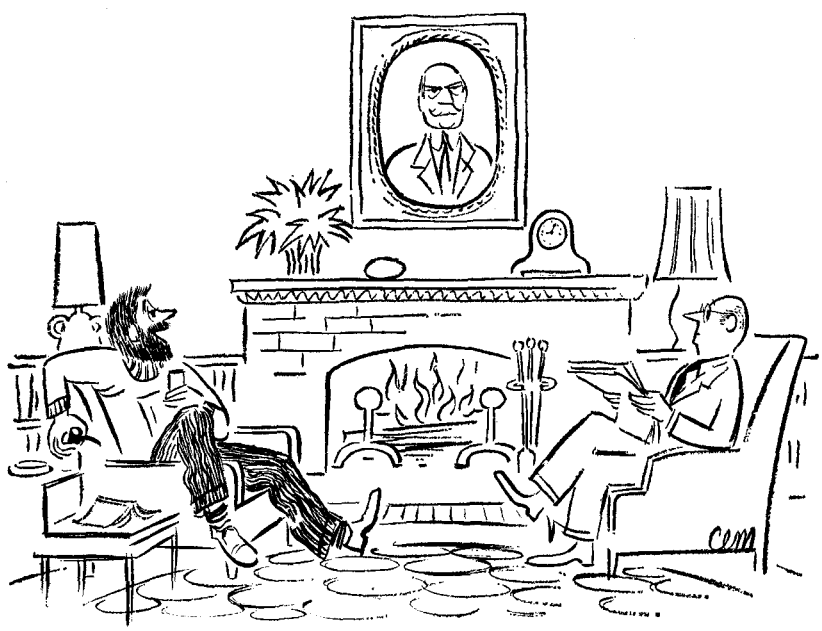
First editions of Baum's books are now heavily collected. Mrs. Robert G. Ford, a rare-book dealer in Lake Worth, Florida (in *Florida*, Miss Dodd!), specializes in Baum, and issues elaborate price lists of items relating to Baum and Oz. A first edition of "The Wizard" sold recently at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in Manhattan for $600. And who, Miss Dodd, do you suppose owns the world's finest Baum collection? He is C. Beecher Hogan, lecturer in English at Yale and a leading authority on Oz.

IT would be hard to extract a harsh word about Baum from the many creative writers who loved the Oz books as children. Dylan Thomas, James Thurber, Phyllis McGinley, Philip Wylie, Ray Bradbury, Ellery Queen, John Dickson Carr—this is only a sampling of writers whose admiration for Baum happens to be on record. "What a curious thing to be questing for—a human heart," wrote Paul Gallico (*Esquire*, Feb., 1957) in ironic reference to the Tin Woodman. "One sets out to seek a vast treasure or conquer new lands, worlds or planets, but to wish and search for nothing more than a dear and tender heart that can beat for others and be filled both with love and compassion, what kind of stuff is this to set before the child of today?"

Anthony Boucher, reviewing the Michigan State University Press edition of "The Wizard" for his magazine *Fantasy and Science Fiction* (August, 1957), reread Baum's tale carefully just to make sure his memory wasn't playing him false. "I hasten to assure you—" he writes, "in case you feel that so many librarians can't *all* be wrong and that your immature taste may have misled you—that 'The Wizard' seems every whit as wonderful to me today as it did forty years ago. Here is genuine fantasy, creative, funny, tender, exciting, surprising, delightful; and beside it the bulk of today's 'authorized' juveniles in our field seems more sterile than ever."

How can one account for the violent prejudice against Oz on the part of a small but highly vocal group of thoroughly educated librarians? One reason has already been suggested: the enormous popularity of the Oz books. If a circulating library has one, the children clamor for more. The books soon fall apart at the seams and new copies have to be ordered.

Another reason, perhaps, is that the Oz books have never been illustrated in the current mode. Children themselves enjoy John R. Neill's realistic pictures, but progressive parents who hang mobiles in the nursery naturally find Neill old-fashioned. It is an open secret in publishing circles that books for today's youngsters are designed (and often written) for adults. The looser, more distorted the illustrations, sometimes to the extent of being unintelligible to a child, the more sophisticated it makes Mother feel when she buys the book. It doesn't matter, because her children seldom read the book anyway. They prefer to watch Popeye and the Three Stooges.



"I say, Daddy-O, what happened to that grand plan you had at one time to take me into the banking business with you?"

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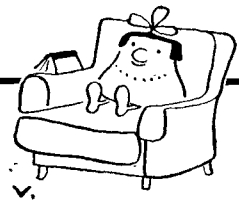

LITERARY HORIZONS

A Sampling of First Novels

By Granville Hicks

SEASON after season the first novels come from the publishers. Perhaps one in a season catches on—is chosen by a book club, reaches the best-seller lists, is sold to the movies. Perhaps one, usually not the same one, is regarded by even the more cautious reviewers as a work of some distinction. The majority go almost unnoticed; the kindest word thrown them is "promising." The authors grieve, and the publishers hope that next time the lightning will strike.

Of the three first novels I am examining this week, one seems average, one above average, and the third below average but bad in an unusual way. To describe a first novel as average, incidentally, is not to suggest that it is without merit, for in any season's crop there is always a good deal of unmistakable talent.

Zena Garrett's **"The House in the Mulberry Tree"** (Random House, $3.50) is a fair specimen of the more serious kind of first novel. Basically it is the story of an eleven-year-old girl, a girl who is just beginning to understand the complexities of the adult world. That story has been told many times, but innumerable variations are possible, and when Mrs. Garrett is writing about Elizabeth Henderson, she writes freshly. The reader is always being surprised by Elizabeth's perceptions, and yet he never doubts their rightness.

But this is not merely the story of Elizabeth's growing up, and that is where the trouble comes in. In this particular summer two pairs of newlyweds are living in the vicinity of Elizabeth's home—a farm in Texas—and she watches both marriages come to grief. One breaks up because the husband cannot forget his first wife; the other ends in violence because the man is dominated by the memory of his mother. Furthermore, it turns out that there are skeletons in the Hendersons' closets. In short, the novel is complicated, and Mrs. Garrett tells it in a complicated way, taking us into the minds of all the principal characters. Again and again the reader loses sight of Elizabeth, and yet he is not really involved in the life of anyone else in the book. The various elements are never fused, and it is only with difficulty that Mrs. Garrett pulls the novel together.

Eugene Mirabelli is a young man, and **"The Burning Air"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3) is a youthful novel, but it is redeemed from mere youthfulness by both insight and literary skill. Although it seems to be in some degree autobiographical, there is no wild outpouring of personal experience in the Thomas Wolfe manner. On the contrary, the little book is sharply focused, and Mr. Mirabelli is never in danger of losing control.

The situation is simple and familiar. George, the narrator, is spending a week end with the family of Giulia Molla, his girl. We see the family clearly—father, mother, grandmother, and younger brother—and we realize that Mrs. Molla is cast in the role of villain. For George and Giulia want to be married, and Mrs. Molla is too ambitious for her daughter to consent to such a marriage.

The week end passes. George and Giulia go out together, quarrel a little, make love. Always there is the question of marriage, with George pressing for a decision. Although she is afraid of her mother, as she confesses, Giulia does speak to her about their plans, and the response is what she had expected. In full family conference Saturday evening Mr. Molla overrules his wife, but the reader knows that she has not really given in.

What we are beginning to understand, however, is that Mrs. Molla is not the only, nor indeed the most important, obstacle in the way of the marriage, for George has gradually let us see the blackness of his self-distrust. It is essential to him that he should be all-important to Giulia, and at the same time he is convinced that he cannot be.

> I don't want you to have anything or anybody except me [he says]. That's why I try to get rid of everyone else. So there will only be me. And there is only me, and I'm scared you're going to see through me and see that I'm nothing. Nothing at all. Then you'll go away.

In the desperation of fear, he persuades her to elope at once, but at the last moment she cannot go through with the plan, presumably because, in spite of her struggle not to, she recognizes the truth of what he has said.

"I have tried so hard to tell the truth," George reports at the end, "and now I have only a feeling of emptiness and failure." It is not easy to present emotions so subtly complicated as those with which this novel deals. Writing with a fine simplicity, Mr. Mirabelli has achieved a notable success. The obvious thing to say about such a writer is the true thing: he is someone to watch.

If there are autobiographical elements in "The Burning Air" and probably in "The House in the Mulberry Tree" as well, that is something no one is likely to say about Angela Tonks's **"Mind Out of Time"** (Knopf, $3.95). Miss Tonks, who is British-born though she now lives in the United States, has written a wild sort of fantasy with allegorical trimmings. In a POW camp in Germany during the war a man named Erikson discovers that he can read other people's minds and is in some measure clairvoyant. Another prisoner, Kramer, has the same powers but in a more limited degree. After the war Kramer uses these powers for his own selfish ends, and the two men become involved in a conspiracy in the Near East. Erikson, who has always been a reluctant partner, finally rebels against the evil in which he is implicated and finds a way that leads to salvation.

I pass lightly over the plot, which will not bear much scrutiny. In the chapters about the POW camp Miss Tonks manages to create a certain illusion, and here the story is quite lively, but later on, as she introduces more and more details in an effort to achieve plausibility, the novel becomes almost ludicrous. As for the allegory, Miss Tonks is saying that the familiar kinds of knowledge can be abused by evil men as surely as the special kind that Kramer exploits, but this is not exactly news.

Miss Tonks's novel is interesting only because she has tried to do something out of the ordinary. Mrs. Garrett's book, on the other hand, has enough freshness to hold the attention, and Mr. Mirabelli's is continuously appealing. His is the kind of book that rewards the constant reader of first novels. No one could think for a moment that it is a great novel, but it shows sensitivity and discipline and a feeling for language. Of course, Mr. Mirabelli may never write anything else so good, but I have an impression that the book is no accident, that he knows what he is doing and is likely to grow in knowledge and skill.

[SR *surveys other "firsts" of the season on pages 36 and 38.*]

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SR Suggests Forty-One Ways to Spend Three Months

THIS is a busy time in publishing. During the next three months, before the lull of summer sets in, many new books will appear. *SR*'s editors present a forecast of those books that we consider to be probable highlights of this active, if interim, season.

FICTION

THE CHARIOTEER. *By Mary Renault. Pantheon.* $3.95. An earlier novel by the author of "The Last of the Wine" and "The King Must Die" treats the subject of homosexuality with clarity and sensitivity; World War II is the setting.

COMMAND THE MORNING. *By Pearl Buck. John Day.* $4.50. The strange, circumspect world of atomic scientists is the subject of this novel about the bomb and the men and women who are absorbed in its creation.

DOCTOR SAX. *By Jack Kerouac. Grove.* $3.50. *Paper,* $1.75. Beatnik Kerouac's account of growing pains and a French-Canadian boyhood in Lowell, Massachusetts.

THE LIGHT INFANTRY BALL. *By Hamilton Basso. Doubleday.* $3.95. Turning back from "Pompey's Head" to its characters' forebears, this tells of life and love in the days of the Confederacy.

THE LONG, LONG LOVE. *By Walter Sullivan. Holt.* $3.75. Tennessee of the 1950s is the setting for this novel about a modern Southerner, who lives in the ancestor-ridden world of the past.

MEASURE MY LOVE. *By Helga Sandburg. McDowell, Obolensky.* $3.50. A story of the rugged life of simple people on a Michigan farm.

THE OPTIMIST. *By Herbert Gold. Atlantic-Little, Brown.* $4.50. College, the war, a foray into politics figure in this novel of two Michigan boys' growth to manhood.

PROVIDENCE ISLAND. *By Jacquetta Hawkes. Random House.* $3.50. An archeological expedition to a remote island discovers a race that has endured for 10,000 years; a witty, fantastic tale.

THE TEMPLE OF THE GOLDEN PAVILION. *By Yukio Mishima. Knopf.* $4. A strange, powerful story about a Zen Buddhist acolyte, written by one of Japan's most original novelists.

THREESCORE AND TEN. *By Walter Allen. Morrow.* $3.50. An old man remembers things past in a lifetime that encompassed most of the exciting events of this age. The author is a noted English literary critic.

NONFICTION

ANATOMY OF A MORAL. *By Milovan Djilas. Praeger.* $2.95. Political essays, written before Djilas's imprisonment, shed new light upon his own ideology and that of the Communist Party.

THE CHICAGO REVIEW ANTHOLOGY. *Edited by David Ray. University of Chicago Press.* $5. The best stories, poems, and articles that have appeared in *The Chicago Review* during its eleven active years.

THE COMING OF AGE. *By Babette Deutsch. Indiana Univ. Press.* $3.95. Poems from 1919-1954, some new verse, and Miss Deutsch's excellent translations of other verse, including Pasternak's.

THE CRITICAL WRITINGS OF JAMES JOYCE. *Edited by Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann. Viking.* $5. Joyce, as a critic, writing satirically, richly about other writers, the rights of authors, censorship.

THE CURSE OF THE MISBEGOTTEN. *By Croswell Bowen. McGraw-Hill.* $5. The fate-driven life of the O'Neill family, and particularly playwright Eugene, recreated in all its drink-and-drug-shadowed aspects.

DREAM AND REALITY. *By Louis J. Halle. Harper.* $5. American foreign policy, reviewed against the background of historical and philosophical thought, by a former member of the State Department's Policy Planning staff.

DUTCH DRAWINGS AND PRINTS. *By J. G. Van Gelder. Abrams.* $12.50. Woodcuts, lithographs, sketches from five fruitful centuries of Dutch art.

THE ELDER STATESMAN. *By T. S. Eliot. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $3.75. Mr. Eliot's fifth verse play concerns a celebrated hero, who, at the peak of success, is faced with the misdeeds of earlier days.

KENNETH GRAHAME. *By Peter Green. World.* $6. Grahame, born 100 years ago, gained fame as the author of "The Wind and the Willows," and his life story is filled with the contradictions of a man who lived in the fanciful world of his imagination.

GREAT COMPANIONS. *By Max Eastman. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $4. Recollections from a lifetime of friendship with interesting, illuminating, and often egocentric men and women. Included are Casals, Einstein, Hemingway, and Trotsky.

HELLENISM: THE HISTORY OF A CIVILIZATION. *By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford.* $4.50. Dr. Toynbee turns his attention to the Graeco-Roman civilization and traces its path through some 1,800 historic years.

THE HOLY BARBARIANS. *By Lawrence Lipton. Messner.* $4.95. A "sociological survey" of the most recent trend in Bohemianism—the Beatniks, who they are, what they are, and why.

AN HONEST PREFACE, AND OTHER ESSAYS. *By Walter Prescott Webb. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.75. Essays in Americana, in which a witty and genial Texan discusses subjects ranging from education to Coca Cola.

I KNEW A PHOENIX. *By May Sarton. Rinehart.* $3.75. Reminiscences by a poet and novelist of her Belgian childhood and of her growing-up years in Boston's particular milieu.

THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY. *By Karl Jaspers. Beacon.* $3.75. Higher education and its place in the life of society and of the private citizen, as perceived by a distinguished Swiss philosopher.

JOY RIDE. *By Dwight Taylor. Putnam.* $3.95. The decade of the Twenties and its most fabulous stars, recalled by Laurette Taylor's son, who chanced to meet a good many people during those years.

KAETHE KOLLWITZ. *By Herbert Bittner. Yoseloff.* $10. 150 drawings in the distinctive Kollwitz style, prefaced with a long and appreciative introduction to the works of this famed modern artist.

KING OF PONTUS. *By Alfred Duggan. Coward-McCann.* $3.95. The world of the First Century recreated in the person of Mithradates Eupator, who ruled from Asia to Europe.

LIFE STUDIES. *By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $3. This collection of poetry, by the Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, contains his long autobiographical essay, "91 Revere Street."

MEMOIRS OF A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER. *By Simone de Beauvoir. World.* $5. The transition from bourgeois Parisian childhood to new maturity with Sartre and the café crowd makes absorbing autobiography.

NASSER OF EGYPT: THE SEARCH FOR DIGNITY. *By Wilton Wynn. Taplinger.* $3.95. A vivid account of Nasser's ascendance, set against the background of Middle Eastern nationalism, by the chief of the Associated Press's Mideast Bureau.

PICASSO. *By Roland Penrose. Harper.* $6. A full-scale study of the artist and his works, complemented by ample reproductions.

THE PULITZER PRIZE STORY. *Edited by John Hohenberg. Columbia University Press.* $6.75. From Columbia University's Pulitzer Prize archives, award-winning cartoons, pictures, news stories, and lively accounts of modern journalism.

RICHARD NIXON. *By Earl Mazo. Harper.* $3.95. A biographical portrait of the politician and the man, written by the *New York Herald Tribune*'s Washington correspondent.

SENATOR JOE McCARTHY. *By Richard H. Rovere. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.95. A pungent biography of the man from Wisconsin traces his dappled career through its rise and fall.

J. M. SYNGE: 1871-1909. *By David H. Greene and Edward M. Stephens. Macmillan.* $6.75. John Millington Synge, poet-playwright, is the subject of a lively literary study, which includes just about everyone in the Irish Revival.

THE SLEEPWALKERS. *By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan.* $6.95. This "history of man's changing vision of the universe" retraces the search for nature's meaning in a study of the travails of such men as the Greek astronomers, Newton, Kepler.

THE SOCIOLOGICAL IMAGINATION. *By C. Wright Mills. Oxford.* $6. The well-known social scientist's critical study is directed at the new offshoots from classic sociology.

THE STATUS SEEKERS. *By Vance Packard. McKay.* $4.50. What is status, how do we achieve it, what do we do with it once we get it, are a few of the questions answered with sociological coolness by the author of "The Hidden Persuaders."

THEOLOGY OF CULTURE. *By Paul Tillich. Oxford.* $4. Essays by an eminent Protestant theologian touch upon leading aspects of modern society: politics, art, science.

THE WAR MEMOIRS OF CHARLES DE GAULLE. *By Charles de Gaulle. Translated by Richard Howard. Simon & Schuster.* $6. These memoirs, subtitled "Unity 1942-1944," recall the war years, revealing the men with whom de Gaulle worked, and, above all, his own perfervid devotion to the cause of France.

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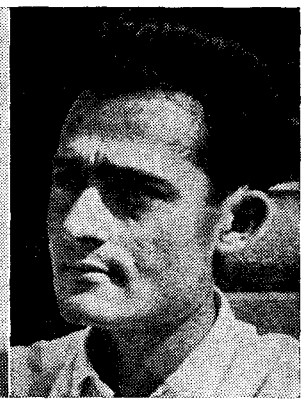
The People Behind the Prose

Hamilton Basso . . . "The Light Infantry Ball."

Arthur Koestler . . . "The Sleepwalkers."

Mary Renault . . . "The Charioteer."



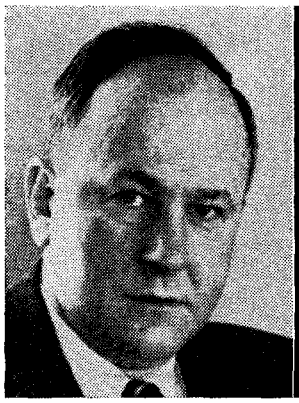
Herbert Gold . . . "The Optimist."

May Sarton . . . "I Knew a Phoenix."

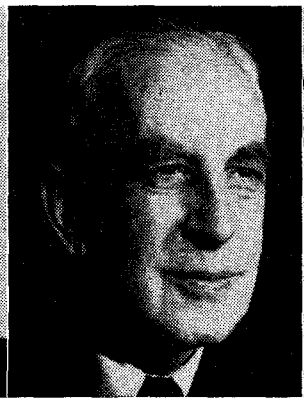
Richard H. Rovere . . . "Senator Joe McCarthy."

Milovan Djilas . . . "Anatomy of a Moral."

Charles de Gaulle . . . "The War Memoirs."

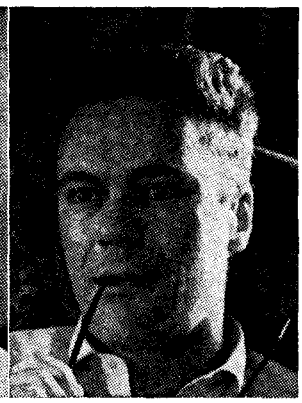


Vance Packard . . . "The Status Seekers."



Arnold J. Toynbee . . . "Hellenism."

Simone de Beauvoir . . . "Memoirs of a Dutiful Daughter."



Robert Lowell . . . "Life Studies."

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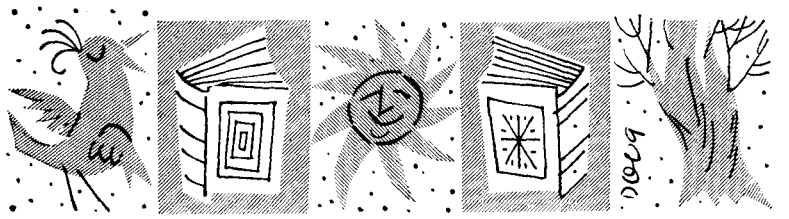
SR's Spring Book Poll



THE spring season is burgeoning with new books. To help readers in making their selections from the prodigious offerings, *SR* has asked book editors of leading newspapers throughout the country to name their own choices for good reading. These are their preferences:

SIX VOTES:

ELIZABETH THE GREAT. *By Elizabeth Jenkins. Coward-McCann.* $5. A penetrating and sympathetic portrait of the queen for whom an era was named. Miss Jenkins presents an absorbing study of the complex, magical personality of a magnificent woman. (De Morinni, Dolbier, Kirsch, O'Neill, Sherman, Snajdr.)

FOUR VOTES:

HENDERSON THE RAIN KING. *By Saul Bellow. Viking.* $4.50. The author of "The Adventures of Augie March" has written a novel about an eccentric millionaire, who leaves his wife and children to search for his soul in the African wilds. His encounters with two uncivilized tribes lead him to a clearer understanding of reality and of himself. (Cross, Nordell, Sherman, Tinkle.)

THREE VOTES:

THE BORSTAL BOY. *By Brendan Behan. Knopf.* $4.50. In lively Irish fashion, complete with Dublin vernacular, Behan recounts his experiences in the IRA, when, as a young rebel, he endured prison for his political activities. (Barkham, Cross, Yeiser.)

MOUNTOLIVE. *By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton.* $3.95. This third novel of a projected tetralogy about love in the Middle East views the people of "Justine" and "Balthazar" through yet another pair of eyes. (Kelly, Tinkle, Yeiser.)

OTHER SELECTIONS:

ALAS, BABYLON. *By Pat Frank. Lippincott.* $3.50.
ALEXANDER'S PATH. *By Freya Stark. Harcourt, Brace.* $6.75.
THE ANGRY SCAR: THE STORY OF RECONSTRUCTION. *By Hodding Carter. Doubleday.* $5.95.
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK TWAIN. *Edited by Charles Neider. Harper.* $6.
THE BESPOKEN MILE. *By March Cost. Vanguard.* $3.95.
FIDEL CASTRO: REBEL—LIBERATOR OR DICTATOR? *By Jules DuBois. Bobbs-Merrill.* $6.95.
THE CHARM OF POLITICS. *By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. Harper.* $4.
COLLISION COURSE. *By Alvin Moscow. Putnam.* $4.50.
THE COMING OF THE NEW DEAL. *By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin.* $6.75.
D DAY. *By David Howarth. McGraw-Hill.* $4.95.
THE DEVIL IN BUCKS COUNTY. *By Edmund Schiddel. Simon & Schuster.* $4.95.
EDUCATION AND FREEDOM. *By H. G. Rickover, Vice Admiral, USN. Dutton.* $3.50.
ENDURANCE: SCHACKLETON'S INCREDIBLE VOYAGE. *By Alfred Lansing. McGraw-Hill.* $5.
ESPRIT DE CORPS. *By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton.* $2.75.
THE FIG TREE. *By Aubrey Menen. Scribners.* $3.50.
THE FORSAKEN ARMY. *By Heinrich Gerlach. Harper.* $3.95.
FRANCE: A MODERN HISTORY. *By Albert Guerard. University of Michigan Press.* $8.75.
FRIENDS AND ENEMIES. *By Adlai Stevenson. Harper.* $2.95.
GODS AND MEN: THE ORIGINS OF WESTERN CULTURE. *By Henry Bamford Parkes. Knopf.* $7.50.
THE GREAT DECISION. *By Michael Amrine. Putnam.* $3.95.
THE GREAT PRINCE DIED. *By Bernard Wolfe. Scribners.* $4.50.
THE INTRUDER. *By Charles Beaumont. Putnam.* $3.95.
JIM FISK: THE CAREER OF AN IMPROBABLE RASCAL. *By W. A. Swanberg. Scribners.* $4.50.
JOURNEY OF TAO KIM NAM. *By M. J. Bosse. Doubleday.* $3.95.
JOYCE CARY: A PREFACE TO HIS NOVELS. *By Andrew Wright. Harper.* $4.50.
LADY L. *By Romain Gary. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
THE LEAF AND THE FLAME. *By Margaret Parton. Knopf.* $3.95.
THE LONG ROAD TO HUMANITY. *By Stanton A. Coblentz. Yoseloff.* $6.
THE MIDDLE AGE OF MRS. ELIOT. *By Angus Wilson. Viking.* $4.95.
MINE ENEMY GROWS OLDER. *By Alexander King. Simon & Schuster.* $4.50.
MY TEN YEARS AS A COUNTERSPY. *By Boris Morros and Charles Samuels. Viking.* $3.95.
ONE GREAT SOCIETY. *By Howard Mumford Jones. Harcourt, Brace.* $4.50.
THE PLEDGE. *By Friedrich Duerrenmatt. Knopf.* $3.
THE POORHOUSE FAIR. *By John Updike. Knopf.* $3.50.
THE PROFESSOR AND THE COMMISSIONS. *By Bernard Schwartz. Knopf.* $4.
THE SCARLET FEATHER. *By Dale Van Every. Holt.* $3.95.
SIGHT AND INSIGHT. *By Alexander Eliot. McDowell, Obolensky.* $3.50.
A SOUTHERN MODERATE SPEAKS. *By Brooks Hays. University of North Carolina Press.* $3.50.
THE SPINSTER. *By Sylvia Ashton-Warner. Simon & Schuster.* $3.75.
STAR WORMWOOD. *By Curtis Bok. Knopf.* $3.95.
TIDINGS. *By Ernst Wiechert. Macmillan.* $4.50.
TO APPOMATTOX: NINE APRIL DAYS, 1865. *By Burke Davis. Rinehart.* $6.
THE TRIAL OF DR. ADAMS. *By Sybille Bedford. Simon & Schuster.* $3.75.
THE UNSPEAKABLE SKIPTON. *By Pamela Hansford Johnson. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.95.
THE WAIST-HIGH CULTURE. *By Thomas Griffith. Harper.* $4.
THE WATCH THAT ENDS THE NIGHT. *By Hugh MacLennan. Scribners.* $3.95.
THE YOUNG ASSASSINS. *By Juan Goytisolo. Knopf.* $3.95.

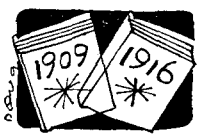
• • •

The critics polled are:

DAVID APPEL, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*
FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
PEGGY DE MORINNI, *Buffalo Courier Express*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *New York Herald Tribune*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *New York Herald Tribune*
FRANK KELLY, *Newsday*
ROBERT R. KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ROBERT MOLYNEUX, *Pittsburgh Press*
ROD NORDELL, *Christian Science Monitor*
HOKE NORRIS, *Chicago Sun-Times*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
ROBERT L. PERKIN, *Denver Rocky Mountain News*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
GEORGE TROY, *Providence Journal*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich



A MATTER OF TIMING

Here are the titles of eight pairs of books, each pair the work of a single author. Which title in each coupling was published earlier? (You are allowed to identify the authors in passing.) Answers on page 46.

1. "Vanity Fair" or "Henry Esmond"?
2. "Bleak House" or "A Tale of Two Cities"?
3. "Evangeline" or "The Song of Hiawatha"?
4. "Parnassus on Wheels" or "Kitty Foyle"?
5. "The Little Minister" or "Sentimental Tommy"?
6. "Treasure Island" or "A Child's Garden of Verses"?
7. "The Light That Failed" or "Kim"?
8. "Tono-Bungay" or "Mr. Britling Sees It Through"?
9. "Moby-Dick" or "Omoo"?
10. "Daisy Miller" or "The Turn of the Screw"?
11. "Penrod" or "Alice Adams"?
12. "The Deerslayer" or "The Last of the Mohicans"?
13. "Jennie Gerhardt" or "An American Tragedy"?
14. "Arrowsmith" or "Elmer Gantry"?
15. "The House of the Seven Gables" or "The Scarlet Letter"?
16. "The Works of Max Beerbohm" or "Zuleika Dobson"?

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How to Bait a Book Publisher

By PATRICIA MACMANUS

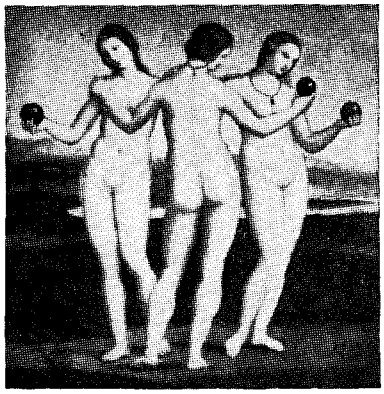
IF FOR any reason you find you have to bait a publisher, and you never can tell when the necessity will arise, here's one fairly sure formula: fix your man with a bemused gaze and ask, "Tell me *why*, in the name of sanity, publishers collectively flood the market with books at certain seasons, and then just coast along at others?" If he reacts in the best tradition of the trade, he'll fix *you* with a gaze which you may find a trifle unnerving on your first try. Stand your ground, however, and keep gently repeating, "But why? It doesn't seem to make sense —so *why*?" Depending on his nature, and the number of bookstore returns he has had that particular day, he'll respond to this persistence with either (a) an expression of pained resignation, (b) a show of iron control in the face of ignorant provocation, (c) distantly benign tolerance, or (d) the offer of a book, if you'll just go away and read it forthwith.

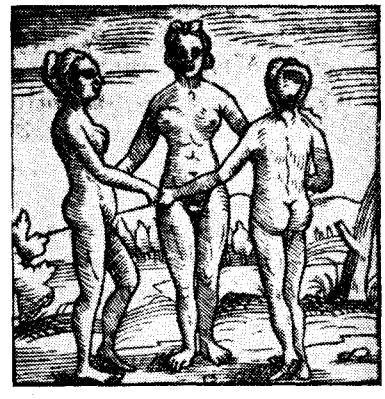
But don't be intimidated or bribed. Figures are the thing to throw out at this juncture. Figures are an infallible means of maddening a publisher into explanation or, at least, expostulation — because the book business is regarded as peculiarly intractable to statistics. *However*, the statistics relevant to "seasonal" publishing are reached not by such mythological computation methods as percentages and averages, but by plain one-two-three addition. Accordingly, from the bible of the industry, *Publishers' Weekly*, we culled the book publication figures for 1958, and we're glad to pass on a few of the highlights to readers of *SR* for use when cornering a publisher.

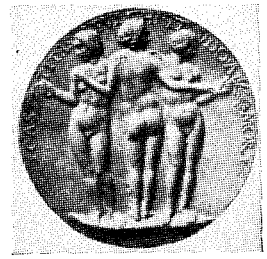
Eleven thousand and twelve new books were issued by American publishers last year, but that needn't detain us since we're after smaller game. Within that figure and that time-span, the deluge publishing season—as invariable as the spawning salmon's upstream battle—took off in September with the appearance of 871 titles; got into stride in October with 1,007, and raced to a photo-finish in November with 1,092. A grand, breathless total of 2,970 new books. Now, if you ask your buttonholed publisher the why of such frantically concentrated competition, he'll groaningly point out the obvious: business geared to the heaviest buying season of the year, the fall, and—predominantly—the Christmas trade. Perfectly logical—up to a point. That point involves the publication of droves of books which stand as much chance of getting into the Christmas stocking as does a grindstone. The "sensitive first novel," for instance (or, even worse, the *in*sensitive first novel), many of which are launched during the fall, or the volume of verse by that truly gifted young poet —these are only two examples of the kind of books that can scarcely even get standing-room in the beleaguered columns of the autumn book-review pages, much less hope to compete in the marketplace with the Big Novel by the Established Name, the heavily promoted best-seller, or the handsomely packaged "gift book." A venerated *riposte* re all this is: "A good book always makes its way." True—and not infrequently to the 59¢ remainder counters.

IF SEPTEMBER, October, and November are sacred to publishing pandemonium, January, July, and August are traditionally sacred to austerity and meditation. The 1958 tallies for those months were, respectively, 478, 752, and 552. One theory behind this mid-season meagerness is: go light in January because everyone's swamped with Christmas bills; go light in July and August—everyone's on vacation. The suggestion that vacations are, for most people, ideal reading time, is apt to elicit a rebuttal such as, "They read the best-seller they've been meaning to get to all winter"—one of those generalizations that contains a great deal less than meets the eye. Meanwhile, in the months mentioned, coveted review space opens up like Japanese water-flowers, offering an uncrowded showcase for publishers' more fragile commodities —the first novels, the poetry collections, *et al.* Publishers who do make canny use of these off-season interludes (and, obviously, some do) are not only rewarded with respectable critical coverage for their more modest productions, but have frequently gotten a potential seller off to a flying start, which, had it appeared in the flood-tide season would have required far more laborious, and expensive, maneuvering. For instance, had *you* ever heard of Patrick Dennis when "Auntie Mame" blew in in dis-esteemed January? Or of Sloan Wilson when "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" appeared in July?

Well, in summation, we reiterate: don't be intimidated. At heart, your cornered publisher will be grateful for your gratuitous interest—a refreshing change from having *authors* tell him how to run his affairs. In fact, representing a high-minded vocation saturated with imponderables, he may even welcome this opportunity to study the foremost of his imponderables—*you*, dear book reader.







THE THREE GRACES were a favorite subject of Renaissance artists. In **"Pagan Mysteries of the Renaissance"** (Yale, $7), by Edgar Wind, the recurrent themes and symbols of Renaissance art are traced back to Greek and Roman sources. The medal, right, depicts Love, Beauty, and Chastity; above right, Piero Valeriano's sixteenth-century conception of the trio; left, Raphael's view of the same ladies.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

She Lived for Love, Luxury, and Louis

***"Du Barry," by Stanley Loomis** (Lippincott. 320 pp. $6), is a rosy-fleshed biography of a courtesan who, according to the author, cut a better figure as a human being than is generally granted her. Mr. Loomis has written a "very remarkable book," in the opinion of J. Christopher Herold, author of "Mistress to an Age: A Life of Madame de Staël," which won a 1958 National Book Award.*

By J. Christopher Herold

IT IS difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the Marquise de Pompadour—neurotic, frigid, intellectual, pretentious, vindictive, in perpetual agony for the sake of the power she craved—and her successor, the Comtesse Du Barry, last of the royal mistresses of France. Aside from their lowly origins and their beauty, they had little in common.

But for some reason posterity has been kinder to Madame de Pompadour, who never performed an act of disinterested kindness in her life, than to Madame Du Barry, whose very essence was kindness. Undoubtedly Madame de Pompadour's ambitions were loftier than Madame Du Barry's: she felt it incumbent on her to govern France and to pilot Europe, while Du Barry's ambitions were limited to making her lovers happy and herself rich. But there is nothing to indicate that Madame de Pompadour, with all her intellect, had the least gift for statesmanship. Weighed against the enormous cost of the Seven Years War, which Pompadour so zealously promoted, Du Barry's stupendous collection of jewels was as nothing.

Stanley Loomis, in this latest biography of Madame Du Barry, has done full justice to a much-maligned woman. He has done more: he has written a very remarkable book. There is not a dull page in it; his prose is polished, urbane, often evocative, always intelligent. His knowledge and understanding of the eighteenth century are equal to his love for it. While historians may question the importance he attaches to the petty intrigues of Versailles, they will not be able to deny his thorough acquaintance with them. Mr. Loomis may have idealized a society whose passing he regrets because it regarded pleasure as an art and art as a pleasure; yet one must be grateful for this idealization, for its result is both pleasure and art.

Not that he minimizes the seamy side or condones the sordid. Jeanne Bécu's rise from semiprostitution to the exalted position of official mistress to Louis XV surely is not presented as an edifying Horatio Alger story, nor is the world of titled pimps, perverts, schemers, and buzzing courtiers among whom she moved held up as an example to posterity. However, in evoking this world, he indulges in neither lip-smacking nor virtuous indignation. Corrupt, vicious, and squalid it may have been, and it most certainly was irresponsible; but, on the whole, it was remarkably free of the deliberate cruelty that often goes with hypocrisy and almost always with moral rectitude.

Madame Du Barry herself, as Mr. Loomis shows convincingly, remained unstained by the pollution. At bottom, she always stayed a daughter of the people and what the French call *une brave fille*. In the convent in which she was brought up she learned to love God, and she never forgot it. Her subsequent educators—a series of rakes culminating in the "Comte" Du Barry, a veritable Pygmalion among pimps—taught her what men wanted of women, and she never forgot that either.

> An accomplished courtesan [says Mr. Loomis] is but she who can conform as closely as possible to a man's image of the perfect woman. Her function is to alleviate boredom, to amuse, beguile, and sym-

(*Continued on page 42*)

THE AUTHOR: Stanley Loomis speaks modestly of "Du Barry," his first book, as having neither the claim of professional scholarship nor the ambition of a specialist. He pursued his study of eighteenth-century France in much the same way his sophisticated figures lived their expensive lives: as a highly refined form of entertainment. Even while he was studying Oriental languages at Columbia University ("I could read the *Asahi Shimbun* as easily as the *Herald Tribune*, then") he managed to steal time to read the memoirs and letters of the elegant intellectuals who peopled the French court.

"But," he said this week, "one has to have a special kind of patience for Oriental languages, and my threshold of boredom wasn't high enough. In ten years or so since then, I've done a lot of rooting around, working for a publisher, studying international trade in Arizona, even buying and selling a few paintings in Europe but, oddly enough, no previous writing. Over the years, though, I became more and more fascinated with this extraordinary era in French history. Reading about it was like reading a gossip column in which you get to know all the characters and their intricate personal relationships. My favorite, by the way, was always Saint-Simon, the most spiteful wasp in the whole nest, but a man who had a genius for recreating his brilliant friends."

Mr. Loomis thought seriously of writing his book when he began to become indignant with the common notions that exist of the society that was destroyed by the French Revolution. It was a totally false picture, he felt, created by Carlyle, a middle-class Scotch Presbyterian looking at a French intellectual, Roman Catholic world, and by Dickens, "a true Victorian and an equally bad historian."

"I don't think a more civilized society has ever existed," he said. "Everything about it, the food, conversation, books, were solely for pleasure of the most refined sort. Of course, there were cruelties—Voltaire was even engaged in the slave trade—but the eighteenth century wasn't nearly as terrible as the English Victorians have led us to believe. It was an utterly cynical society, too. I don't think any of Madame Du Barry's friends would have a particle of faith in the political abstractions we talk of today."

Mr. Loomis, who is at present working on a biography of Voltaire in his East Side Manhattan apartment, said he specifically chose Madame Du Barry as his "puppet" in order to describe the period because he hadn't been able to discover a complete biography of her written since 1912. "She was a wonderful puppet, though," he said. "After all, Louis XV wasn't just a Midwestern salesman carrying on with a call girl." —JEANETTE WAKIN.

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Save the Libraries

THE most significant development in American education since 1945 has been the part played by the citizen. In almost every state in the nation, the layman has emerged as a strong and constructive factor in improving local school systems and, indeed, in helping to form educational policy. The agency chiefly responsible has been the National Citizens' Commission for the Public Schools under Roy Larsen. Far from resenting the active interest of the Commission or its local groups, the educators have genuinely sought and advanced it. Indeed, many schoolmen have long felt that a partnership between the informed citizen and educator is the only long-range basis for meeting the problem of not enough schools, not enough books, and, in general, not enough money. And the specific achievements of citizen groups in the past ten years have given substance to the long-term hopes. Educators are frank in crediting the citizen with having contributed powerfully to such progress as has been made in meeting the needs of the schools in the past decade.

Something of a similar nature may now be required for the American public library. If a national cultural inventory were to be taken today it might be found that our school and public library system may in fact be the weakest item on a long and demanding list. In fact, there is no such thing as a "public library system." In some cities, the library is fully supported by public funds and is a regularly constituted part of local government. In other communities, the library is only partially supported with local tax money. Lending further color and complexity to the national picture is the existence of library buildings constructed with funds provided by the late Andrew Carnegie, with money for books, personnel, and upkeep to be furnished in part or whole by the public funds.

In any event, with or without respect to tax support, the average American community library needs help—and, it appears, most school and college libraries are not far behind. The physical plant, in many cases, is fast running down. This is especially true of the Carnegie libraries, now approaching obsolescence. Budgets for new books, once adequate, have failed to keep pace with either the prodigious increase in many fields of learning or the decrease in the buying power of the dollar. Salaries for librarians are even more scandalous than they are for teachers. The national population has been soaring, prosperity has never been higher, but the library never really came out of the depression.

IT SHOULD not be necessary to remind ourselves that a good library system exists for something more than a convenience for schoolchildren preparing for an examination. It is an index to the national health. It represents one of our vital resources. It is a forcing-house for growth. It provides access to the future even more than it does to the past. It is a natural habitat for a functioning mind. It represents the headquarters for the endless process of education and learning that formal schooling can, in fact, only really begin. It is a diffusion center for the intellectual energy in the vital life of the mind. It is a seminal center for change, and no challenge to intelligence in this modern world is greater than the need to comprehend the nature of change.

But the library cannot function fully in these respects unless it receives the support it needs—unless Americans attach to it the importance it should have in a healthy national culture. It would require the equivalent of only two days of our national military budget to refurbish our national library plant, bring the books up to date, pay respectable salaries for librarians, and keep the buildings in good running order for a full year. If Americans believe their libraries and books are deserving of one-half of one per cent of what we spend annually for weapons, then the means for saving the libraries will be provided.

The formation of a National Citizens' Commission for the Public Libraries might be a good way to begin some motion in these directions. One of our major foundations might make an important and essential contribution to our national culture by helping to establish such a Commission. One aspect of the Commission's work might be to undertake a study of the varieties of library experience and development in America as a basis for possible recommendations looking towards some measure of coördination in meeting our national library problems. A second major function of the Commission might be to help stimulate the formation of local citizens' groups for effective action on the community level. A third activity of the Commission might be to work with librarians in helping to create those policies that might best serve the public needs and at the same time receive public support.

A free society can, of course, survive without a robust library system. But any testimonial to the imaginative character and cultural charm of such a society would be both brief and sparse. —N. C.

Transcontinent

By Donald Hall

WHERE the cities end, the
dumps grow the oil-can shacks
from Portland, Maine,

to Seattle. Broken
cars rust in Troy, New York,
and Cleveland Heights.

On the train, the people
eat candy bars, and watch,
or fall asleep.

When they look outside and
see cars and shacks, they know
they're nearly there.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COPS AND ROBBERS

While expressing hearty approval of your editorial "If There Is to Be Mobilization" (*SR* March 21), may I add a point that nowhere to my knowledge has been expressed?

This is that the defenses upon which we rely, along with those of Russia, have now reached the point of utter futility—the point beyond which they cannot be used without destroying us along with the enemy. It is a little as if a bank had introduced an anti-burglar system that would effectually destroy the robbers—at the cost of blowing up the bank with all its customers and employees. Surely, no bank official in his right mind would recommend such a system. Yet an equal or greater insanity is represented by the system on which all the great nations of the earth today rely for "defense." Is it not time that we recognized that, in the present-day world, there can be no defense except through disarmament?

Stanton A. Coblentz.

Mill Valley, Calif.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"We bought Manhattan only a few months ago, and here it is blighted already."

WHAT TO DO?

I have read your wisdom-packed and moving editorial in your issue of March 21st. I want to go out and beat the drums for this kind of thinking—in other words, implement your advice with actions. And there I am left high and dry. What, I implore you to tell me, can an ordinary citizen do? Who are the leaders to whom we can turn for leadership who think on the same plane of far-sightedness as you do. You don't run for office so I certainly can't vote for you, much as I'd like to if you did. The ordinary citizen, I feel, is stymied between the Tweedledee of a Democrat in front of him and the Tweedledum of a Republican behind him. Where is he to turn?

What specifically can the likes of me do to head off the world catastrophe, the shadow of which is darkening his life. Sure, the ordinary citizen continues to pursue his activities as usual as you state. But I feel that the ordinary citizen acts now the way he is acting only because there does not seem to be any Moses to lead him out of the morass of apathy into which he has fallen. I am certain that if the way were shown him which could direct him out of this terrible failure to recognize the Sword of Damocles suspended over him, he would listen and act. And there we come in full circle to my first cry—what to do specifically?

Leonard Rosenthal.

Bronx, N. Y.

TIMELY WARNING

"If There Is to Be Mobilization" is a timely warning and shows how militarism ultimately betrays itself. Your suggested answer of massive assurance and restraint, informing the world that we would rather die ourselves than start a world nuclear war, seems to point toward the only solution possible. But is it not too limited an answer? Why not omit the words "world nuclear"? Why not go all the way and tell the world we'll pull no triggers of any kind? Perhaps it is too late to approach such a commitment on an organized basis; but it may be that the ultimate threat can be met at its ultimate source, the individual human conscience. What matters the mass if enough individuals have the courage to live by the knowledge that taking the sword (or club, or stone, or bare fist) brings destruction and sets in motion a cycle of counter-destructions. It demands courage to take the individual stand against militarism without assurance that another individual, friend or foe, will do likewise. On the other hand, considering the alternative of nuclear warfare, what does the individual (or the nation) stand to lose by such a commitment?

Roland A. Duerksen.

Bloomington, Ind.

LEFT IN IGNORANCE

It is not totally disreputable that Russia and the United States have altruistically allowed themselves to brush dangerously near to mutual annihilation at the hands of one another while simultaneously pretending that the total state of world affairs has somehow come about because of an earnest desire on the part of these two countries to protect the respective citizens of each from the ravages of war. But it does seem horrible and regrettable that we Americans are left in near-ignorance by the political higher-ups as to the fact that war and world destruction are only a few hours away, varying with the speed of a bomb-laden plane.

Your enlivening editorial made it plainly and unequivocally clear that unless we quickly remedy the situation, we might just as well prepare ourselves for a jaunt back through the biological reaches of time, or possibly a quick return to the places from whence came Adam and Eve.

Benjamin S. Page.

Durham, N. C.

(Reprints of "If There Is to Be Mobilization" are available on request with payment at the following rates: 1 to 50, 15¢ each; 51 to 500, 5¢ each; 501 to 1,000, 3¢ each.)

FOLLOW THROUGH

I wish that both Robert Frost and John Ciardi (*SR* March 21) could really follow through on "risking spirit in substantiation." The cult of individuality demands little of such boldness in adventure as Kitty Hawk stood for. It is such a safe bet in America unless you really take it seriously enough to get you involved in conscientious objection in any area. I'm afraid that both of them can only imagine themselves "adventurous."

Unless our poets, Ciardi, Frost and Company, still hanker for the Cowboy, they may still discover that the spirit that is free is equal to every other spirit that is free and we can safely raise our children on this credo. Strange that under the "Constitution . . . for making all men equal," the widest range of self-realization, and the greatest area of individual liberty, and the farthest horizon for the human spirit, has been vouchsafed for Man. Equality has ever been the most liberating force but it compels one and the group to "risk the spirit in substantiation." The ratio of individual freedom to group responsibility is always "1" but the spiritual magnitude of each rises with the transcendence of Equality in the society.

Edward P. Gottlieb.

Elmhurst, N. Y.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Plenty of Room for More

DURING the past year or so, in the interest of "maturity," there has been a certain relaxation of the Production Code that governs motion pictures. For the most part, the movie makers have exercised their new-found freedom by permitting an occasional "hell" or "damn" to escape the tight-drawn lips of their star performers, while such forbidden subjects as homosexuality and dope addiction are being hinted at a bit more bluntly than before. And for many of us, I dare say, this has meant progress. Our movies were becoming more adult. **"Room at the Top"** (Continental), a new import from England, is bound to revise our concept of that word as applied to the screen. Not because it uses most of the four- and many of the five-letter words that adorn contemporary literature, although this has something to do with it. But, more importantly, because it incorporates the point of view, the frankness, above all the veracity of the contemporary novel. There has been no attempt to "lick" John Braine's acrid book to conform to movie morality. Its characters swear, curse, connive, commit adultery like recognizable (and not altogether unlikable) human beings. And the effect is startling. One feels that a whole new chapter is about to be written in motion picture history.

Braine's hero, superbly played by Laurence Harvey, is, purely and simply, a young man on the make. Resolved to rise above his class, determined to break away from the conformity and conventionality of his routine governmental job, he makes an audacious play for the daughter of the town's wealthiest citizen. He is aided in his campaign by an older woman (Simone Signoret), unhappily married and far from immune to his youthful charm. The two become lovers, even while Joe persists in his wooing of the heiress. But when, to his own amazement, he succeeds in seducing the girl, he is more amazed to discover that his pleasure with her is far less than with Alice. Like any Horatio Alger hero, he succeeds in making room for himself at the top—although the view from that room is singularly bleak.

Now this is fairly bold stuff, particularly since the hero is rewarded for his many malfeasances with a beautiful bride and a cushy job. Even bolder is the explicitness of the seduction scene and the idyllic holiday that Joe and Alice spend together, as well as their stolen hours in the flat of a well-meaning friend. But always one is aware that this is life as it is lived, and that these characters in this situation would react in just that fashion—and speak just those words. We believe in them, we feel for them; neither the film nor Mr. Braine asks that we condone them. I can say for myself that the only shock I felt was the shock of recognition, the shock of recognizing ordinary, tawdry people on the screen in an extraordinarily bitter, adult drama—and the subsequent shock of realizing how rarely this has happened before. Significantly, as of the present writing, the film has not received an O.K. from the Production Code authorities.

* * *

"Imitation of Life" (Universal), as its title suggests, is far closer to what Code people generally have in mind. Its story, derived from a novel by Fannie Hurst, allows Lana Turner to suffer beautifully as she climbs from impecunious model to Broadway star. It permits John Gavin to wait around selflessly for years and years until the woman finally decides that she would rather have him than a career. And it has a genuinely touching sub-plot involving a stanch Negro woman and her wayward daughter. To these two roles Juanita Moore and Susan Kohner bring a degree of emotion that virtually dissolved the audience watching the film with me. This is life as they would like to believe it, and it makes good movie material—at least for a matinee.

* * *

In all fairness to M-G-M's lavish production of **"Green Mansions,"** I must admit that W. H. Hudson's lush romantic novel is almost impossible to reduce to film. His words invite the imagination—his forests have a quality of green never captured by Technicolor; Rima has an animal purity no actress could ever project. Let us say of this, then, that the camera has caught a quality of light that is often enchanting, that Audrey Hepburn's doe-like grace probably comes closer to a real-life Rima than we have any reason to expect, and that Mel Ferrer's direction manages to keep everything this side of Disneyland. Don't go looking for any pantheistic sermons here, though. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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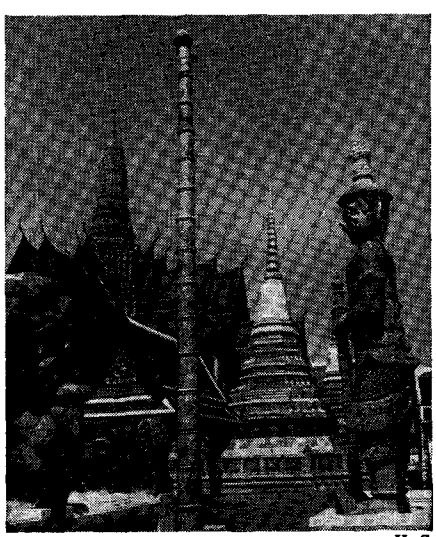
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Jet Trails Around the World—8: Babes in Thailand

BANGKOK.

THE mosquitoes were flying sorties in the lobby of the Erawan Hotel the night we landed in Bangkok, while the lone clerk behind the desk rustled and riffled the stack of reservations in his hand and tried to match them with the crowd of white faces that surged around his counter. He took a telephone call from a lady who wanted room service and said sorry but it would be fifteen minutes before he could talk to her, but if she liked she could hang on. He laid the receiver on the desk and went back to shuffling. The room boy who convoyed us upstairs was so weary with sleep or a recent pipe that he had to fall back against a wall and sigh and close his eyes and then slowly open them again almost all the way, before he could tell us how to work the air-conditioning that filtered the faintest wisp of cool air into the stifling eighty-five-degree heat of midwinter.

There was, most assuredly, no mail, the clerk at the desk had firmly announced, even though an old Stateside friend who had met us at the airport reported having left a message there two weeks before. The message turned up the next day, and the following day we pried loose a cable that had been sent from Melbourne ten days before and an airmail letter dispatched from New York the previous fortnight. The Erawan, a Government hotel, is staffed by the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts of Government officials, who, it seemed to me, were having a hard time staying awake, much less on their toes. Yet the Erawan has such standard Western equipment as a night club with a cover charge, corridors lined with shops, and a swimming pool lined with sunbathers, a most perplexing sight to passing Thais, who like to stay light and beautiful. Furthermore, it has a cashier who uses a Western billing system, not to mention Western prices—$15 a night for a minimum double room plus 10 per cent for service. The Oriental Hotel, without all these appurtenances, but with a stunning view of the river, has added a tower wing, and also charges $15 for a balcony with a vista of the river, the wats on the far side and the paddling sampans.



—H. S.

"The dazzling royal compound . . . gilded turrets and warriors brilliant in their raiment of many-colored enamel chips."

The functions and the privileges of government are strange and sometimes naive in Thailand. *The Bangkok Post*, an English-language paper, carried a front-page picture one day while we were in town, showing the head of the Government, Marshal Sarit Thanarat, directing the quelling of a three-alarm fire downtown. On the route from the airport to the center of town stands a large and impressive monument. "It is the victory monument," our guide explained. "But you sided with the Japanese during the war," we said. "Monument is for victory in Indo-Chinese War and also last war. We fought Japanese for eleven hours, then sent Churchill a cable asking for help. He said, 'You fend for yourself.' We stop fighting after eleven hours, but all the time really on the side of allies. So put up victory monument inscribed with names of heroes."

Along with that there is a tale, perhaps apocryphal, of a visiting Thai official who went traveling all over the Western world after the war, and following the Western custom he laid wreaths at the tombs of each nation's unknown soldier. When he got back to Thailand he dispatched masons to chip off the names of the country's heroes, so they too would be unknown. The relatives of the deceased objected to this proposed anonymity so strenuously, he was required to cease operations forthwith, giving the excuse that he was only having the tombs cleaned.

Whatever legend has been woven into this tale, it is apparent that the

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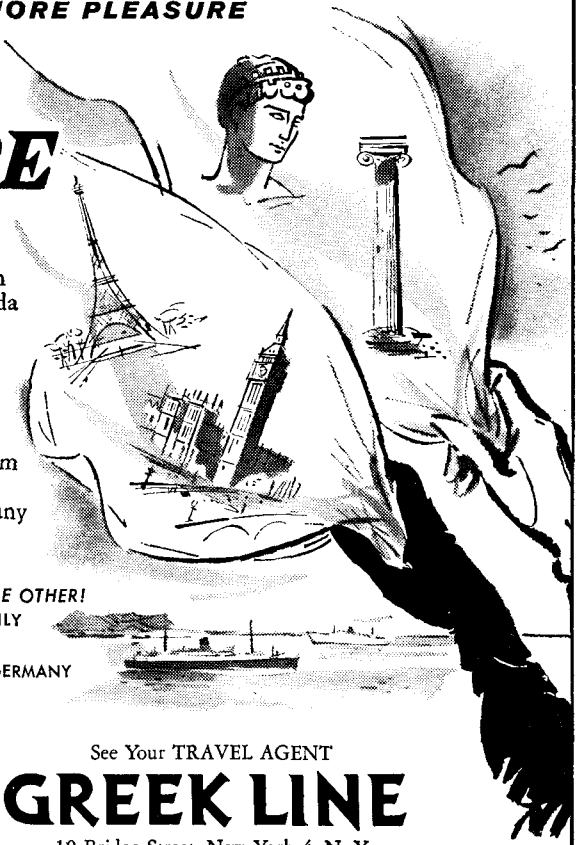

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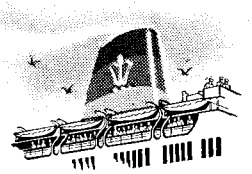

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Thais, back when they were the Siamese, had serious doubts about their own culture, even though their architecture, their dance and their dress is among the world's most artful, decorative, and singular. In the one-square mile compound that encloses the Royal Palace, the first building was originally designed by a British architect in an Italian motif. However, when it was partially finished, it was capped with a Siamese roof, and it stands that way today, supported by lavender columns and decorated with a quartet of elephants, a Renaissance mass with an Oriental hat.

Lacquered gold doors open to the coronation chamber built 140 years ago, and the throne sits, empty and waiting, under a nine-tier canopy that may only be used by kings who have been crowned. When the king sits on the throne, an image of Buddha sits behind him on an altar lighted with fluorescent tubes. Hanging from the ceilings which are decorated with a frieze of Siamese angels fetching lotus blossoms for the king, are crystal chandeliers from France. Out the window visitors peer at the small pavilion where the great grandfather of the present king sat when Anna Leonowens was first presented to him. The king served her English tea in a Japanese garden, and she thus became the first woman to sit at the same table with a King of Siam.

THE most dazzling corner of the royal compound is a mass of turrets and gilded monuments shining bright with gold in the sun, and towering over them all, a squad of giant Siamese figures wearing a cross between a leer and a smile, holding huge swords, clothed in a brilliant raiment of many colored enamel chips. An endless row of figures, like golden Oriental Rockettes, decorate the outside wall of the Temple of the Emerald Buddha. Having put on a coat and tie to enter the royal palace, one now has to take off one's shoes. The Buddha is not in fact emerald at all, but jasper. He sits, three feet high, a gift from an Indian king to another ruler in Southeast Asia, which eventually found its way to Siam in the 1700s. The Buddha wears the clothes of the season and on the walls around him are tremendous murals depicting his life, complete to military scenes that show, as our guide explained, "not only infantry and calvary, but elephantry." In front of the Emerald Buddha is a marble seat, a gift from Queen Victoria to King Chulalongkorn, now fitted out with a microphone and wires. Progress has come to Buddha too, for his jasper body shimmers in the light

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of fluorescent tubes not entirely camouflaged.

Tours of the palace are arranged several times a week by a local travel agency called World Travel Service, for anyone willing to put on a coat and tie and spend $5.50. The agency is required to kick back $1.50 per head to the palace. Tours of the klongs, or canals, cost $4.75, and temple tours and city tours are each $3.50. Although these prices are hefty, even by U. S. standards, there were some 12,000 tourists in Thailand last year, 80 per cent of them American and 90 per cent of them handled by World Travel Service.

Despite the splendor of the palace, or perhaps because of it, the present king lives not here, but in a new palace near the racetrack. Racing is, as a matter of fact, a mainstay of the Bangkok Sports Club whose clubhouse overlooks its track. The club golf course runs through centerfield. The king was present the other week when the favorite collapsed from an overdose of dope, an incident that reminded a number of old Bangkok hands of the time when some circumspect sporting types pushed through a ruling that henceforth horses would not be doped. All horse trainers promptly refused to race their steeds.

There was a day when the king put out in the royal barge for a sail down the river, an occasion that might herald an important event. Of the seven barges still in the boathouse, most of them are 150-feet long and cut from one mayang tree. One is for the exclusive use of declaring war, another is for the use of the High Priest of the Supreme Patriarch of the Buddhist religion, one, equipped with a cannon in the prow, is for the commander-in-chief of the armed forces. The main royal barge, decorated with a fearsome dragon, traditionally used for coronations and state ceremonies, is now known as the Mike Todd boat. He paid $40,000 to repair and float it before it sailed in celluloid in "Around the World in Eighty Days."

IT WAS Todd, too, who succeeded in getting the King of Siam to write a popular song for his musical "Peep Show." Irene Sharaff, who did the costumes, used the now famous Thai silks, the product of a cottage industry which was revived by James Thompson, a former U. S. Army major from Greenville, Del. Later the silks, in brilliant and daring color combinations, were seen again in "The King and I," and the business, begun on $700, began to flower. It now brings in almost a million dollars a year, and the beetle-nut chewing weavers, many of them Moslems, are

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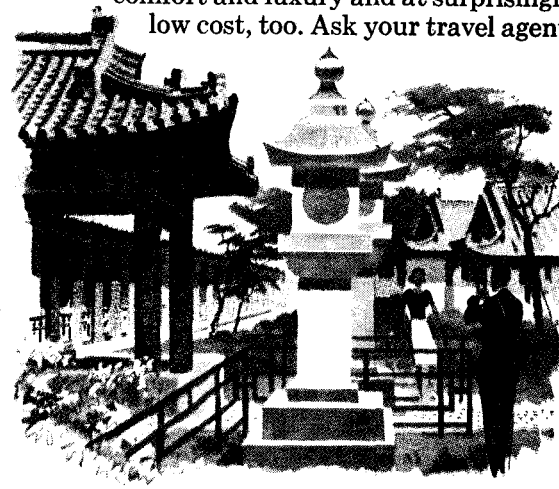

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buying television sets and sending their sons off to U.S. colleges.

Thompson checks his weavers every morning, roaming down the klongs, watching the dyes, worrying about the two biggest deterrents to steady production: trips to Mecca and the paralysis that sets in during Chinese New Year's. His Thai Silk Co. Ltd., which now has eighteen competitors, sells the silks in New York at anywhere from $28 to $35 a yard. In Bangkok, as every tried and traveled tourist knows, you can buy it for $3 to $4.50 a yard, bring the yard goods to Hong Kong to have it made into shirts, dresses and suits.

The klongs, where the silk weavers work and most of Bangkok lives, are long canals that are causeways for the commerce of community life. The bordering houses are visited by floating merchants who peddle coffee, or rice and coconut cream candy, beetlenuts and coconuts, noodles and even hardware. Thai daughters with pigtails running out from under their straw lampshade hats, paddle up the streams and mothers wash sons a foot or two from the front porch. Tamarinds and mangoes, bananas and palms grow leafy and green along the klongs. There are spirit houses for sale and orchids. Nuns in white with shaved heads and eyebrows loll alongside the big terra cotta jars that are used for storing water, and old ladies with short cut gray hair and red beetled teeth watch in wonderment as the tourists sail by out of some far-fetched unimaginable world.

The world is strange, too, for Westerners who have the chance to visit, as we did, the campus of a Buddhist university called Mahachulalongkorn Rajavidyalaya. Some sixty students, monks and novices, all of them in their brilliant saffron robes are taught Thai, English, Pali, Sanskrit, Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism. A course in Moslem theory was being conducted the afternoon we stopped by, and next door an Italian priest was teaching the principles of Catholic theology. Scores of saffron-robed students were awaiting the class bell under the campus trees, and in a cloister nearby a shaved nun was walking with measured step before entering a trance, free and pure of all thought. On a lawn, their saffron robes brilliant against the green, a pair of monks sat motionless, never twitching, never moving, all but transported, in mind at any rate, from the material world around them.

Late that afternoon we were ourselves transported from the serenity of the campus of what we began to reflect on as old Buddha U., to the incredible spectacle of Siamese box-

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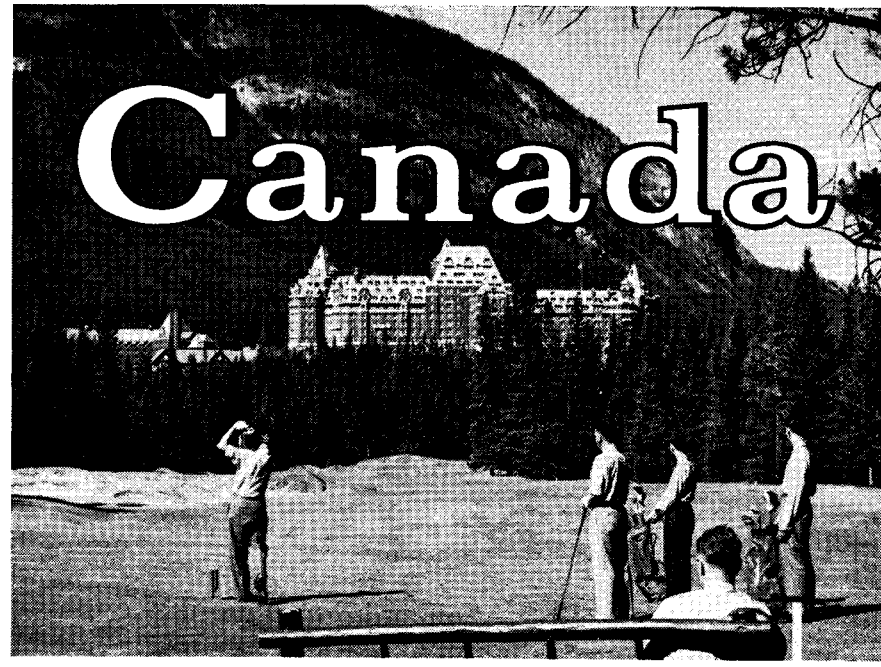
ing which was then under way at the Lumpinee Stadium. The bouts begin with an individual dance performed by each fighter. It is called the Wai Khru, and it is meant to be an indication of respect by the fighter to his teacher. The rites are performed to nerve-jangling Thai fighting music. The fighters, perhaps moved by the exciting quality of the music, embellished their duties of respect with involved pantomimes depicting how they would in a moment or two, make short shrift of their opponent, a worthy soon to be buried under the sod and planted with a flower. After each fighter had acted his little charade the bell rang and mayhem began. Gloved hands, bare feet and as far as I could tell, bare teeth were all part of the rules. It was enough to make the Marquis of Queensberry grow faint, and as a matter of fact it was having a similar effect on some of the ladies in our party.

No less enlightening than the performance is the program which is printed in English. Take for instance, Sornchai Mallayuddh, a contestant who is described as a "fighting machine experienced in style invading lead followed by punch and kick to land in the solar plexus or on chins without mercy and sent them down by K.O." In a flyweight title bout Chartchaii Ratanasid was matched against Roengchai Sree-Sodhorn. Of Chartchaii, it was written, "a forward march wildcat . . . will be a future prospect in the cauliflower industry . . ." As for Roengchi, he was, the program assured us, "a do-or-die fighter who loves to work on the canvas floor with dangerous limbs which provides sensation for fans completely to their hearts' content."

Our hearts more than content with sensations, we fans retreated to the fastnesses of the Erawan where the mosquitos were still in convention, and the next morning, before the hotel waiters had risen, we were off to the airport. On the way we passed the Victory Monument, and then the statue of King Rama VI under whose shadow we had bought a dozen kites from the hundreds of paper dragons and beetles and butterflies that dance there every breezy day. At the airport we had bacon and eggs and *pomaro* which is thick-skinned grapefruit that divides into sections, and *lamoot*, which is maybe a cross between a fig and a pear. Thus filled with the best of the west and the east we gave ourselves to the flying Japanese who wrapped us in a *happi* coat, turned the propellers and sent us packing off to Hong Kong, hanging there on the fringe of the mainland just across the South China Sea.

—Horace Sutton.



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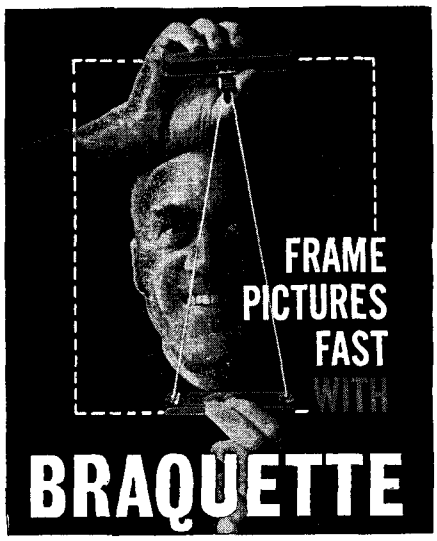

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TV AND RADIO

Tic for Tac

NEITHER the press nor the public seems likely to give the attention it deserves to an issue that CBS has courageously forced into the open. The NBC-Chet Huntley affair concerned the NAACP, segregation, and delicate questions of judgment—it had more human and headline values. The CBS case involves a local primary in Chicago and rises from an action by a man who puts "America First" between his first and last names. But it also involves the powers of the Federal Communications Commission and, particularly, Section 315 A of the Act under which the FCC operates—the section that requires a broadcaster, if he puts his facilities at the disposition of one candidate for office, to do the same for others.

At the time of the primaries in the mayoralty campaign in Chicago, *news broadcasts* on various stations showed film clips of the Mayor greeting the President of Argentina and starting the March of Dimes campaign. I am not sure whether other stations as well as CBS's WBBM-TV also showed the Mayor and his Republican opponent filing nomination papers. Lars "America First" Daly demanded equal time, on the ground that he also was a candidate. That is, he demanded equal time for the two official acts of the Mayor as well as for the third, purely political, event. The FCC ordered the stations to grant the demand. WBBM-TV refused to comply, pending an appeal to the FCC—an appeal to which that body made no reply, so that the campaign ended with the station disobeying an order of the FCC—and Lars Daly without his equal time. CBS has now asked the FCC for a statutory decree, reversing its order.

THE intent of Sec. 315 A is parallel to the intent of the reversed Mayflower decision, which allows a broadcaster to editorialize provided he searches out and presents a contrary opinion. It is to prevent broadcasters from using the air-channels they enjoy by franchise from the Government for their own ends, to prevent unfairness. The section, dealing specifically with political campaigns, would seem to apply to the appearance of a candidate, in his own behalf, or a spokesman for him, in a political capacity.

The effect of 315 A is something the framers of the law did not intend. It is, briefly, to diminish the amount of time allotted to political discussion. Referring to the Chicago case, Frank Stanton, president of CBS, said that the grant of equal time to the twenty or so minority candidates in an election would have taken "approximately 20 per cent more time than all the time spent by all our TV network newscasts on all the news." The only protection is not to give time to anyone at all.

MR. STANTON also noted that newspapers and magazines enjoy special mailing privileges; thus they are partially subsidized by the Government, and that the application of the FCC decision to them would require equal space to be given to all candidates—an open infringement, probably, of the First Amendment.

It is easy to see how a broadcaster, relieved of any obligation to give equal presentation in newscasts could favor one candidate—he could even give equal time and present one candidate in a more favorable light than another. Yet the traditions and the economics of broadcasting make such an outcome improbable and until the danger is clear and present, our national tradition is in favor of preserving the First Amendment. It is good to know that one network has had the courage to challenge the Commission which, with its power to refuse renewal of license, has a virtual life-and-death power over the network's constituents.

A further point is that Mr. Stanton proposes, if the FCC does not reverse itself, to "appeal to the courts . . . appeal to the Congress . . . appeal to the people." In that order, I presume, and I should have preferred an appeal to the people first. Not that Section 315 A doesn't pose a dilemma requiring intricate thinking and decisions beyond the simplicities of broadcast argument. It does—and considering how much research into the trivialities of broadcasting is being done, it is a pity that the essential question—the relation of television to the First Amendment—has not been profoundly discussed. But the people are the prime factor—or should be—in the protection of their freedom—and it will hardly be worth preserving it for them if they do not themselves care to fight for it when it is endangered. —GILBERT SELDES.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

"Corners" in the Square

IN A concise and humbly omniscient preface to his "Three Plays" (Harper, $4.95), Thornton Wilder describes "Our Town" as "an attempt to find a value above all price for the smallest events in our daily life." In this respect, he preceded Saroyan and Lorraine Hansberry. And "Our Town" also foreran Dylan Thomas's "Under Milk Wood," which found in the smallest events of daily life a grotesque denial of a town's pretended sense of values.

When "Our Town" was first produced in 1938, its stature as a piece of theatre was slightly obscured. It seemed something of a stunt then to present a play without a curtain or scenery, and audiences tended to enjoy the quaintness and sweetness of the just plain folks in a small New Hampshire town, while they deliberately overlooked the Pandora's Box of human terror and waste into which it now and then peeked. Thus some of the play's most enthusiastic supporters found the last act in the graveyard an unnecessary jolt in an evening of homey pleasure. While "Our Town" received the Pulitzer Prize, it placed second to Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" in the Drama Critics Circle voting.

Today, twenty-one years later, **"Our Town"** is being presented at the Circle-in-the-Square, and the new production constitutes a splendid opportunity for a new generation to view the play. Under Jose Quintero's direction, a well-selected cast plays the action with genuine emotions that cannot help but be contagious in this small theatre. The lines are made subservient to the situations and generally avoid the colorful inflections one remembers from the original production. Naturally, the soda fountain scene where George and Emily surmount the barriers of shyness and formality to become engaged, and the algebra-by-moonlight scene are as effective as ever. But the scene between George and his father-in-law-to-be now seems to be just as fine as the more romantic naturals. And from a production standpoint, David Hays, by a beautiful use of lighting from below the stage entrance steps, has created a purgatorial atmosphere for the graveyard scene. We feel the tragic difference between the self-blinded living and the new-seeing dead, as we should in a play whose real root is, as its author says, "the passion to know what life means to us."

Thus the Grover's Corners created here has about it a minimum of old-fashionedness, and although we realize that the play is taking place in 1901, we are filling in the invisible background with more modern pressures, inventions and anxieties. Because the emphasis is on eternal situations, the play survives nicely.

Especially effective are Jane McArthur as Emily, Clinton Kimbrough as George, and Richard Dysart as the milkman.

But what about the role of the stage manager, which regulates the play's tone. Like Mr. Wilder himself it must stimulate our thirst to know, to experience, to teach. While it criticizes our stupidities with astounding cheerfulness, and compassion, it must be nonetheless hardboiled. John Beal plays the role with warmth, a feeling of personal involvement, and gives the character a broad color by saying some words with a New England accent and others with a Southern one. In doing this he frequently fails to transmit to us Mr. Wilder's sense of being as interested in our conclusions as he is in the welfare of particular individuals within the play.

Nevertheless this is a minor reservation. For it is still possible for the less self-indulgent members of the audience to leave this production with a new resolve to make more of life's daily treasures, which we overlook, waste, or restrict. "Our Town" is that rare thing in the theatre, an evening you can carry away with you.

PEARL BUCK's **"A Desert Incident"** emerged briefly as a series of trivial conversations about the important subject of the scientist's responsibility to himself, his family, and the world. It postulates one American physicist fanatically addicted to winning the secret weapon race with the USSR, and one British physicist addicted to pure science and cool jazz. With notorious lack of success, the play tries to relate the war between the sexes with the war between the scientists. At one point one of the minor characters remarks, "I don't think I understand this conversation." The line was enthusiastically applauded by an opening night audience, which had been feeling that way for quite a while.

—HENRY HEWES.

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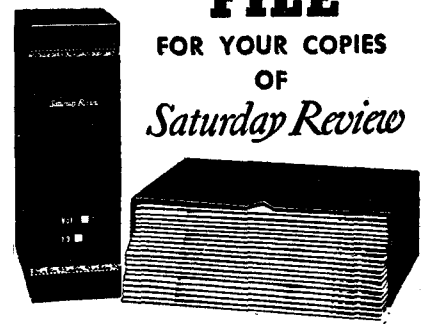

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Three More Write Into First Novelists' Circle

For this Spring Book Issue Saturday Review *has focused upon American writers whose novels or short stories are appearing for the first time this season. In LITERARY HORIZONS, Granville Hicks discusses the works of Eugene Mirabelli, Angela Tonks, and Zena Garrett. In "Four New Faces in Fiction"* SR *previews other new authors whose books will be published within the next few weeks: Philip Roth, Joan Vatsek, Philip Alston Stone, and Grace Paley. Below,* SR *has asked its critics to examine the works of Clay Putman, Laurene Chinn, and Aurelia Levi, whose novels represent still further the diversity of subject matter and technique to be found in modern fiction.*

Mid-Century Blues

***"The Ruined City," by Clay Putman** (McGraw-Hill. 457 pp. $4.95), spans three generations in the life of an American family. Herbert Gold, who teaches literature at Cornell University, is the author of "The Man Who Was Not With It" and the forthcoming novel, "The Optimist."*

By Herbert Gold

THIS brilliant, harrowing novel—ranging in time from the early Thirties to the postwar sag, and in place from Oklahoma, to New York, to the ruined German city of the title—attempts a total assessment of the lives of its three central characters: Lilly, the coldly ardent, vain, poisonous, and desperate woman, who cannot be a wife to Joe Staple nor a proper mother to Tom but succeeds in parodying love as a movie star; Joe Staple, the Good Man with that terrible flaw—an overweening preoccupation with his own virtue, and Tom Staple, the weakly intellectual, sullenly sensitive issue of this union. These three and the subsidiary people who revolve about them—desperate fraulein, senile old pappy, German decadents, and G.I. castoffs—are all enmeshed in a great and hopeless effort: they want to feel something. They want to get the good of themselves and of their lives, or if not the good, then at least the bad. They lust helplessly after a sense of quick life but do not find it.

Tom Staple, the sensitive center of the book (though not the most interesting character in it), vibrates to the mid-century blues wherever he is, and makes trouble for himself and others because all he can do is vibrate. Even more than his father, "he sensed that men needed something to make them know their own existence, and he had learned that pain could give it, guilt could." He suffers under this very modern, very sad trouble. He knows his deep feelings only by the hollowed places within his character.

Clay Putman has wrestled in this ambitious first novel with some vital problems. This is no small, neat, scissoring performance; his aim is toward the highest. The density of his prose is often real, clotted with real thought and real feeling, though frequently it blurs the line of the story. Like the greatest novelists, he plays persuasively the role of poet, psychologist, and philosopher; but the greatest novelists do not let go of the prime matter, the fiction, for the sake of a "discussion." He has a genuine humor and a delicate sense for unhappy lovemaking, the miserable clutching between people who merely intend to love each other. He sometimes slackens, however, and lets in that great enemy of the personal voice, the "creative writing" echo: "You had to run it down—life—and hold it against the earth."

The hysterical pride of Lilly and Joe Staple's isolated fury after virtue are compassionately dissected. When they are not discussing Life-in-General with each other, they are convincing and genuine. Particularly Joe, poisoning his wife and son, being poisoned by them, poisoning himself worse, is a complex human being with an aura of unsolved mystery about him.

"The Ruined City" raises large questions; it represents a passionate effort by the author to move into full confrontation of both the questions and answers.

Old Testament Tales

***"The Unanointed," by Laurene Chinn** (Crown. 376 pp. $3.95), is a broad-scale Biblical novel about the life and times of King David, as reported by his comrade-in-arms, Joab. Maxwell Geismar is the author of "The Novel in America," and, most recently, "American Moderns."*

By Maxwell Geismar

I HAVE a proper respect for the Old Testament, I think; as a cultural and historical document, it is a unique record of man's spiritual heritage. By the same token, it takes a Thomas Mann to deal with this material adequately, and most Biblical romances are an affront to Jehovah, for the holy spirit is not in them. Laurene Chinn is an exception. It has taken her fifteen years to write this tale of King David, and the result is a commendable popular novel.

It is even, at times, a handsome mixture of scholarship, myths, and feeling for the life of the ancient Jewish tribes. Joab, the kinsman of David, is the central figure in the story, and through his eyes we see both the facts and the legends which have already formed around the outlaw-ruler, who was anointed by the Lord to unify Israel. For David, both here and in the historical record, was a great military leader and statesman—but he was hardly an angel. He was a desert sheik, transformed by the vision of a new God, but clinging to pagan—or human—pleasures. He was wily as well as sacrosanct; a fighter, a bard, and a lover of women.

To Mrs. Chinn's credit, she does not scant the earthy side of the Jewish

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tribes who are just beginning to know the God of Wrath. There is the confused and treacherous record of David's harem—from which comes the tale of Amnon and Tamar and the ambitious Absalom, among others. For David, gaining the crown of Judah after the death of Saul, must wait for Abner's death too, and meanwhile he is "a most domestic man."

It is Joab who does the necessary evil that good may come of it, and who finally shows David the way to conquer Jerusalem and unify the nation. The combination of conscience and ruthlessness in these early tribes is also treated nicely, and the parallels with modern Israel are sometimes very pointed. Mrs. Chinn interprets some of the ancient myths rather literally, but "The Unanointed" remains an attractive romantic novel.

LOST AND FOUND: "The Good Wife" (Rinehart, $3.50) is a first novel by a newcomer whose talents markedly outdistance her first-run shortcomings. At this stage, Aurelia Levi's excellences include a gift for clearly conceived storytelling, and a compassionate sense of irony. Her specific weakness is a tendency to subordinate character delineation to the exigencies of the narrative; but the story of a woman's belated acceptance of her own individuality carries the reader swiftly with it.

Still luminously beautiful at forty-two, Garnette Marden, the "good wife" of the story, is a woman who has unconsciously sacrificed her own identity to the power-obsessed man she married when she was a gentle, sheltered girl of seventeen. By nurturing the delusion that her husband's ruthlessness is an uncompromising "strength," she justifies her total submission to him. Thus, the stage is set with Garnette in the public role of cherished wife to the most influential man in the Southern town of Hendrie City, and a private role in which "the few pitiful false tokens of wifehood and maternity" are a mockery of conjugal and filial love. Then she meets a young pianist, visiting the city on tour, and is plunged into a deep emotional attachment. She desperately reveals the falsity of her existence, yet—when challenged by him—fears freeing herself. Ultimately, through the anguish of loss, she is forced to face up to the degradation she has clung to, and to take action resulting in a drastic realignment of her life.

In concluding on a note of selfhood emerging, rather than selfhood regained through one of those improbable fictional conversions, Mrs. Levi concludes in an atmosphere of psychological as well as artistic validity. —P. MacM.

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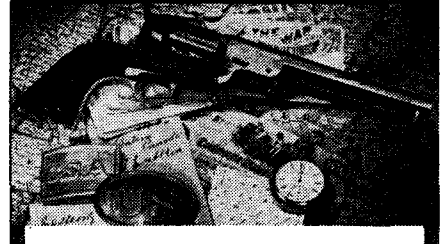

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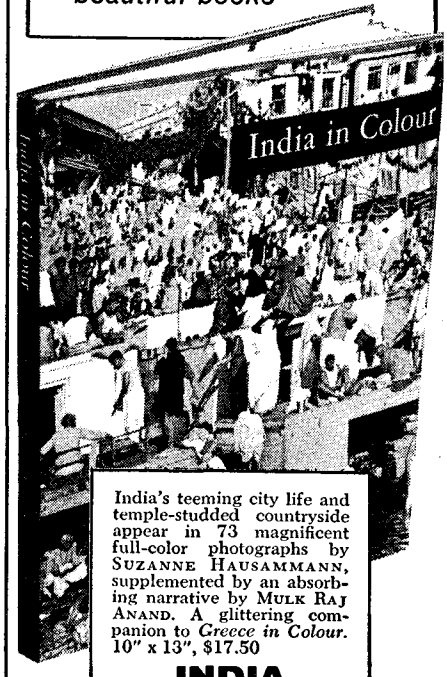

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FOUR NEW FACES IN FICTION

PHILIP ALSTON STONE, so far, is the season's writing prodigy. The eighteen-year-old Harvard freshman is the author of "No Place to Run," a bloodcurdling first novel of political demagoguery, nymphomania, and murder. He began work on his novel during the summer before his senior year at Hotchkiss School and finished it after his graduation at his home in Oxford, Mississippi, the home town of William Faulkner. Despite the fact that his father, president of the state bar association, is reportedly the prototype of Gavin Stevens, the lawyer-hero of many Faulkner novels, young Stone has deliberately not read much Faulkner. "I've read a couple of his short stories," he says, "but I don't want to be influenced by him. I know that my people and my stories come from the same ground as his Yoknapatawpha County. I think of my novel and future ones as part of a long saga—maybe ten, twenty books—all with the same characters and the same locale. I don't want to write in Faulkner's shadow." At Harvard, where he is a classics major, Stone is purposely avoiding his more natural inclination toward modern literature. "I don't want to write dissertations on symbols and Mauriac and things like that, or to have to write anything that may interfere with my own ideas about fiction."

JOAN VATSEK looks exactly the way the heroine of a novel of international intrigue ought to. She is the author of just such a book, "The Fiery Night," an April Literary Guild selection, which tells a violent story of modern Egypt, from love along the banks of the Nile to the burning of Shepheard's Hotel. Miss Vatsek herself is exotic and expensive looking, with just the slightest inflection in her speech to indicate that she might (and does) speak foreign languages easily. Just before World War II, she interrupted her studies at McGill to accompany her father, a Hungarian diplomat, to Alexandria, Egypt, where she whirled away two years in a round of parties, frequented by vintage cosmopolites. Emotions ran hot in wartime Egypt, and Miss Vatsek found herself caught up in a whirlpool, turgid with pro-Nazism, anticolonialism, and, churning beneath it all, nationalism. After the war, Miss Vatsek married writer Robert Arthur, had two children, and moved to a twelve-room farmhouse in Yorktown Heights, an hour away from Manhattan. She began to write short stories, many of which were published in women's magazines. But Miss Vatsek now says that she wants a broader canvas; she is already at work on a new novel about Hungary during the postwar decade.

PHILIP ROTH's first book, "Goodbye, Columbus," containing a novella and several short stories, has already received considerable advance acclaim, including the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship. His stories have appeared in *The New Yorker, Esquire, Commentary,* in the 1956 Martha Foley collection, and last year, in Paris, he accepted the Aga Khan award from the princely hands of Sadruddin, brother of the current Aga. Most often his stories are about middle-class Jews, who rise from their urban environment to make the arduous trek to the suburbs. Roth himself was born in 1933 in Newark, New Jersey, in a predominantly Jewish middle-class neighborhood, from which his parents moved to suburban Moorestown. After his graduation from Bucknell, he took his master's degree at the University of Chicago, and stayed on for two years to teach English. He left just in time to miss the Beatniks, for which he is grateful (they are, he says, "talentless children"). Roth is often compared to J. D. Salinger, a comparison which he finds both flattering and ridiculous. "If you italicize a word you are accused of mimicking Salinger," he says. Recently married (six weeks), Roth lives in the suburbs of Greenwich Village, otherwise known as the lower East Side.

GRACE PALEY's success should encourage every harassed housewife who harbors writing ambitions. Mrs. Paley, the author of a book of short stories, "The Little Disturbances of Man," has a husband, two children under ten, and a walk-up apartment, which she cleans herself, in Greenwich Village. "I suffer from an acute case of household chaos, but through it all, I'd have to be dragged to the suburbs." Born in the Bronx in 1922, Mrs. Paley, a confirmed New Yorker, prefers city life for her own children. "It makes them stronger, more able to confront life when they have to." Active in local Village community activities, she takes an avid interest in her children's public school education. "I myself had little formal education," she reports. "I went to Hunter for a while, but I was sort of thrown out. Actually after the sixth grade my interest in the academic routine was over." In the early years of her marriage she wrote poetry, which seems to account for the meticulous concern for language in her own stories. Her output is small. This slim volume contains all the prose work she has written. She was chary about submitting it for publication; it was, in fact, her husband, movie cameraman Jess Paley, who sent her manuscript to Doubleday. —ROLLENE W. SAAL.

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PSYCHIATRY

Bypaths on the Road to Vienna

"Sigmund Freud's Mission: An Analysis of His Personality," by Erich Fromm *(Harper. 120 pp. $3), in an attempt to illuminate psychoanalysis, peels back layers of the psychiatrist's psyche and evaluates the findings in terms of his time. Psychiatrist-in-charge of the Lafargue Clinic, Hilde L. Mosse, M.D., is also school psychiatrist for New York City's Bureau of Child Guidance.*

By Hilde L. Mosse

DESPITE the critical attitude of the author, this is intended as an eulogy of Freud and his work. It is a brief study, limited in scope since Fromm does not go into any extensive description of Freud's theories, or attempt any re-evaluation of them. In a number of previous publications Fromm has written about his attempts to develop the psychoanalytic theory further, but in this book he refers only to "what is the bulk of Freud's theory, the stage before the discussion of the death instinct." He tries to throw new light on psychoanalysis by analyzing certain aspects of Freud's own personality in the setting of the intellectual and social structure of his time.

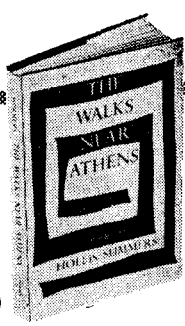
There is "no doubt," Fromm writes, that "the origin of psychoanalysis is to be sought in Freud's personality." But there is also no doubt that it has to be sought in a much wider context. Any attempt to explain the work and significance of a creative person by psychoanalytic speculation is open to serious question. Actually the work of such a man as Freud, his original scientific discoveries, his theories, his position in the history of science, can never be fully evaluated and understood through any analysis of his personality. There is a great temptation, especially in the field of psychiatry, to explain original and strikingly new discoveries through individual personality traits characteristic of the originator. Of course, there are such psychological connections. But they are never direct and simple. The more universally valid the scientific discoveries, the less is the work explainable by personality traits.

In his biography of Freud, Ernest Jones makes some interpretations of Freud with which the author of this book agrees, but Fromm's emphasis and his point of view are different. Without going into the relative validity of these two interpretations, and without agreeing with many details in Fromm's personality study of Freud, it is still true that this book presents some thought-provoking ideas which are important today.

Fromm stresses social factors and tries to incorporate them into psychoanalytic theory. He arrives at helpful formulations, such as that the phenomenon of repression is essentially social. He calls Freud a middle-class thinker, and tries to relate the development of his theories—and especially of the psychoanalytic movement—to the changing attitude of the middle class and the different stages of capitalism. He states that "Freud's picture of man never transcended that of the nineteenth-century middle class." Then he draws a parallel between Freud's psychological "economic" system, where psychic energy must be saved (for sublimation, for instance) with early capitalism's picture of a thrifty elite which saves to form and retain capital. He feels that Freud translated this picture of man into his theories. As another example he gives the Freudian theory that man is basically aggressive and competitive; he even goes so far as to say that libido is a fixed quality comparable to property and that Freud speaks of love "as a man of his time speaks of property or capital."

NOWADAYS when clergymen of all denominations have found that psychoanalysis can be put to various uses, including the propagation of their faith, and when psychoanalysts in turn are anxious to prove that psychoanalysis is perfectly compatible with religious orthodoxy, it is interesting to see Fromm clearly demonstrating Freud's atheism. Freud saw psychoanalysis as a method by which human beings can be freed from domination by their instincts and illusions. Religion, to him, was one such illusion.

Fromm's description of some negative aspects of the psychoanalytic movement are scientifically irrefutable, but they arose largely after Freud's death or out of later social and personal conditions. Freud could not foresee that psychoanalysis in the United States was to become a profitable and powerful business, with problems germane to the business world, such as monopolistic aspirations with a tendency to limit competition. "Most psychoanalysts," states Fromm, ". . . are not less blind to the realities of human existence and to unconscious social phenomena than are other members of their own social class." He points to the bureaucracy which has developed and to the hierarchy "which gets its prestige from the 'correct' interpretation of the dogma, and the power to judge who is and who is not a faithful adherent of the religion." The truth of this and the atmosphere of an exclusive elite created by this attitude within the orthodox psychoanalytic movement became clear to me when I attended the Congress of the International Psycho-Analytical Association in Paris in 1957. This was a closed congress, and a number of psychiatrists, distinguished members of international professional associations and themselves serious students of psychoanalysis, were turned away because they did not belong to the accepted psychoanalytic associations. There could be no possible scientific



The Walks Near Athens

By HOLLIS SUMMERS

Author of
The Weather of February

As Mr. Summers' title indicates (the Athens in question is in Ohio), and as readers of his fiction and poetry know, his vision of the universe and its creatures is at once ironic and tender. His poems, which have appeared in various periodicals and are now collected for the first time, testify to a highly individual, thoroughly persuasive talent.

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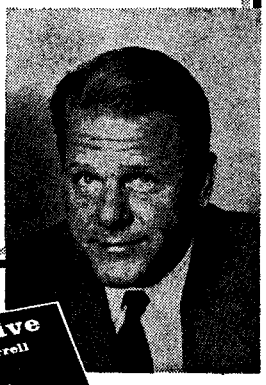

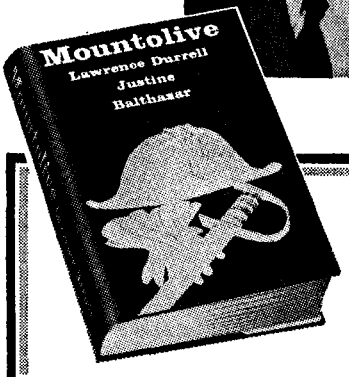

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reason for this pretentious secrecy. Unfortunately, the tendency, as Fromm states, "is that eventually dogma, ritual and idolization of the leader replace creativity and spontaneity."

Like his other books, this book by Fromm has great merit and deserves careful study. It underlines the fact that he occupies a special intermediate position. He is a serious critic of psychoanalytic one-sidedness. But, by not going far enough in his criticism of Freudian theories, he remains within their framework and subject to the very faults which he deplores. His orthodox individualistic psychoanalytic critics therefore have an easy time. They can challenge Mr. Fromm's interpretations and many of his generalizations.

The very fact that he tries to explain psychoanalysis by Freud's personality demonstrates that he has not made the decisive step needed to develop psychoanalysis in a truly social fashion. His psycho-social parallels, such as libido with property, are not fully convincing because they remain only parallels. His position, halfway toward a real social orientation, indicates that there exists objectively an impasse in the special scientific field of psychoanalysis. And this impasse can be overcome only when we recognize, as does Fredric Wertham in "The Circle of Guilt," that there is a dialectic interaction between social, economic, historical, and psychological forces.

THE AUTHOR: Among the psychoanalysts who did not obtain a medical education, Erich Fromm occupies a singular and honorable place. Unlike so many of his senior lay colleagues in psychoanalysis, he did not "join" the psychoanalytic movement but entered through the front door, so to speak: he obtained excellent psychoanalytic training in Berlin, as did many Americans. He became a recognized psychoanalyst and soon took his well-deserved official place as a member of the International Psychoanalytic Association. The Hitlerian holocaust drove him to the hospitable shores of the United States, where so many of the German-speaking psychoanalysts were received as became their station of carriers of the culture which Hitler wanted to reduce to ashes.

Fromm's name seems soon to have been removed from the roster of the International Psychoanalytic Association; it also failed to find to find a place on the roster of the American local or national psychoanalytic associations. Be it said here with emphasis that neither Fromm's behavior as a professional man, which was and is exemplary, nor his intellectual and philosophic orientation could be considered responsible for his finding himself outside the official ranks of the psychoanalytic movement. True enough, Fromm might be placed among those who chose the path of Freudian heterodoxy, but many who chose the same path managed to remain within the official ranks of official psychoanalysis, whether they were laymen (a few) or medical men (most). Moreover, a number of individuals and official groups are openly and/or blatantly quite a bit removed from Freudian orthodoxy; there are three psychoanalytic groups in New York alone—all "recognized" by the Psychoanalytic International.

But it is an open secret (particularly since the publication of Jones's biography of Freud) that psychoanalysis, like any other *organized* movement, is bound to pay heavy tribute to the art of politics, to the struggle for power, to egocentric sensitivities, and to promotional drives. In doing so psychoanalysis may or may not gain ground as a movement, but it is bound to find some of its scientific progress rather frayed at times, and to leave a portion of its best men on the sidelines.

Erich Fromm, after a brief ideological *entente* with Karen Horney, had to choose his own independent scientific road. The result was: he began to pursue the search for the *essence* of man, for the meaning of human struggles, and for the roots and growth and efflorescence of love in the deepest and universal, ethico-philosophical meaning of this word. He came to touch the fringes of Zen Buddhism and the planes of existentialism. Fromm wrote and writes well, with perpicacity and depth. His last book, "Sigmund Freud's Mission," which first appeared in the series of World Perspectives under the editorship of Ruth Nanda Anshen, is typical of what has happened to many psychoanalysts and to psychoanalysis during the past twenty years.

—GREGORY ZILBOORG, *author of "Sigmund Freud."*

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Ethics: The Fundamental Regulator

***"Freud: The Mind of the Moralist," by Philip Rieff** (Viking. 397 pp. $6), because of the freshness of the author's interpretation, superbly dovetails the Ernest Jones study of the great Viennese innovator.* SR*'s critic, John Sullivan, is an experimental psychologist at New York University who comments on psychoanalytic literature between his experiments on cats, rats, and college sophomores.*

By John Sullivan

THE late Ernest Jones's monumental biography of Freud, in addition to making psychotherapists somehow feel a little larger, was bound to have repercussions throughout the literary, scholarly, and scientific worlds. Whether Jones's study is viewed as the grateful homage of a disciple to his master, an attempt to institutionalize a vague legend threatening to get out of hand, or as a literal rendering of Freud, no one has seriously suggested that Jones's biography, great as it is, be interpreted as a critical evaluation of Freud, the man or his work. Now Philip Rieff, a sociologist, has given us the latest, and to this reviewer, the best critique so far of Freud and the Freudian mind.

Mr. Rieff, a scholar with more literary than scientific leanings, is a skilled polemicist who knows well the Freudian literature and dialectics. He has the advantage of detachment from the problems of therapy not shared by practising therapists who write about Freud while looking on psychoanalysis as primarily a theory of therapy, which, of course, it is in the same sense that physics is a theory of bridge-building. In addition, Mr. Rieff has a technical knowledge of psychoanalysis uncommon among sociologists, a familiarity with literature not shared by many psychologists, and a sense of the structure of the social sciences rare among the purely literary critics of Freud. This impressive combination of sensitivities gives him an interpretative edge over most Freudian scholars. Freud was no *Denker* but he was clearly a *Gelehrter*, and to take his measure requires someone of similar attainments. A defect of American scholarship is that Freud's type of Continental training disappeared with William James. Rieff is no James, but he is the best that has turned up.

Freud is systematically tracked through such topics as character formation, therapeutic strategies, interpretations of dreams, art, literature, society, politics, and religion. The book is fundamentally a series of essays, *Partisan Review* type. In addition to otherwise striking originality and independence of thought, Mr. Rieff presents in detail the learned nihilism of the critics from the avant-garde quarterlies: the liberal, the optimistic do-gooders of the middle-class Protestant ethic, the simple-minded scientists, the social egalitarian, the Deweyian philosopher, the Freudian revisionists —all of these energetic *naifs* have been unmasked in their superficialities by psychoanalysis. The absurdities of political ideologies, of religious systems, of the true, good, and beautiful are analyzed from the economic function they have in the system of psychic tensions.

This thought culminates in the image of the Psychological Man, Sigmund Freud's legacy, as a person who is aware that he is sick but gives up the search for a "healing doctrine" because he now knows that "every cure exposes him to a new illness," and at best he can hope only to learn to control his tensions and to live within himself.

THE above comments derive fundamentally from Freud's theory of mind, the central doctrine of psychoanalysis, but the Rieffian shift is to look upon Freud's theory of ethics as the fundamental regulator of his percepts and of his specific doctrines. Mr. Rieff notes, "Gradually, however, his Helmholtzian vocabulary of forces and their conservation became merely metaphoric or illustrative, and a term such as 'energy' only a rhetorical mask for the ethical direction of his thought."

By transposing the theory of mind from psychology to ethics, the reader is given many valuable insights, but this fails to account decisively for the strengths and weaknesses of the Freudian doctrines as a psychology. In spite of this, "Freud: The Mind of the Moralist," is a major critical contribution that excellently complements the three-volume chronicle by Ernest Jones, "The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud."

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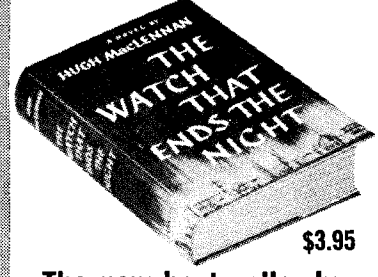

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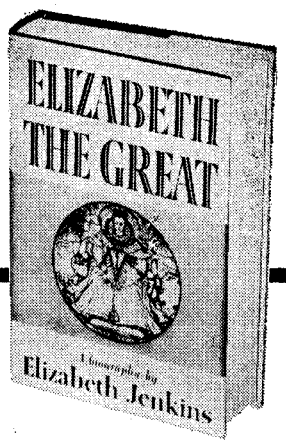

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Personal History

Continued from page 25

pathize, as much as it is to arouse and assuage passion. She is what wives are supposed to be but after a few years of marriage are not. She is a pearl beyond price.

When Louis XV fell in love with her, she knew exactly what the king wanted; and since she loved him, she could give it—unlike Madame de Pompadour—without effort. When the old *roué*, the Duc de Richelieu, once asked the old *roué* Louis XV what he saw in Madame Du Barry, the King answered simply, "Only this—that she makes me forget that soon I will be sixty."

The King's love for her placed her, against her will, in a vortex of political intrigue. The efforts of the Duc de Choiseul and his faction to prevent her official presentation formed a drama that unfolded over a period of months; so did the question whether the freshly arrived Dauphine, Marie Antoinette, would ever address a word to her. The proud Austrian's stubborn silence, which by a complex concatenation of causes and effects nearly wrecked the planned partition of Poland, had grown into a major diplomatic issue when Marie Antoinette finally heeded the pleas of her mother, Maria Theresa, and at a New Year's reception said to the scarlet woman, "There are many people at Versailles today." At these words, all Europe breathed with relief, save Poland.

Madame Du Barry was not actively interested in politics. In the midst of intrigues, she never took a step or spoke a word except as she was bidden by the party in power. She held no grudge against her bitterest enemies, and on several occasions even interceded in their favor when they had fallen into disgrace. Her only interests were to provide for her security, to surround herself with luxury, and to amass a collection of jewelry whose itemized listing reads like an inventory of Cartier's. Yet when, eighteen years after her royal lover's death, the French Revolution threatened the lives of the princes who had snubbed her, she offered them a large part of her fortune, and there is reason to believe that they accepted it. It was, above all, for this crime that she was sentenced to the guillotine.

Madame Du Barry's life up to Louis XV's death in 1774 (which, with a great deal of pathos, had its farcical overtones) is told with brilliance and an admirable sense for comedy. Her later years are, fittingly enough, related in a more mellow, nostalgic key, but it is in this period of her life, spent in the luxurious exile of her château of Louveciennes, that her image reaches us with the greatest immediacy. Her touching love affair with the Duc de Brissac is treated with the delicacy of a man of the world; the final nightmare, with indignation and dramatic impact. Entertained at first, then moved, the reader, after the admirable final paragraph, is left pensive. Few books are published of which this could be said.

The Complete Man

***"Havelock Ellis: Artist of Life," by John Stewart Collis** (Sloane. 223 pp. $4), though concerned only with the subject's most creative years, raises the blind at least partially on an enigmatic figure who pioneered in sexology. Mr. Collis's appreciation is evaluated by Edward M. L. Burchard, Ph.D., who is a practising psychoanalyst in New York City and an associate professor of psychology at Queens College.*

By Edward M. L. Burchard

ALTHOUGH Havelock Ellis has been dead less than twenty years, and his last book was published as recently as 1951, he is almost unknown to the present generation of serious readers. Those who have heard of him know him vaguely as the serene, bearded face behind the seven encyclopedic but rather dull and dated volumes of "The Psychology of Sex." Now—exactly a century after his birth—John Stewart Collis has reappraised him as a man, a scientist, and as an artist-philosopher.

In this short book Mr. Collis attempts the difficult task of combining biography with literary criticism. The result is provocative but ultimately unsatisfying. The book is neither an orthodox biography—with all the scholarly apparatus of letters, notebooks, diaries, and interviews with associates—nor is it a psychological biography, using psychoanalytic reconstruction to relate incidents in his life to later artistic and scientific works. It is, rather, an admiring tribute and an appreciation of Ellis as a hero, mystic, and an artist of life.

Ellis emerges as a fascinating if enigmatic figure—a person of such prodigious learning that Dean Inge referred to him as "the only educated man in the world," and a friend of Collis's has suggested that "he could be only explained on the theory of

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reincarnation." Without university education, he conscientiously studied medicine and obtained an M.D. degree solely in order that he might pursue his interest in the problem of sex. Unlike his contemporary, Freud, he never practised medicine but instead mastered the enormous literature and wrote authoritative volumes not only on sex but also on criminality, social hygiene, socialized medicine, and dreams!

THESE works were remarkable chiefly for their scope rather than their originality. Mr. Collis states that Ellis was a "genius of comprehension," who wrote no single masterpiece but whose total *oeuvre* was a masterpiece. Although Collis does not mention it, it is worth noting that Freud was greatly impressed with Ellis's early work and credited him with originating the concept of narcissism. Furthermore, in "Man and Woman," published in 1894, Ellis anticipated Freud in tracing the fundamental differences in male and female psychology to differing biological characteristics, and in recognizing that psychological bisexuality in humans is the rule rather than the exception.

But these technical and scientific works formed only a small portion of the literary output of this many-sided man. According to his biographer, he experienced a mystical conversion at the age of nineteen. Henceforth he saw his "will as one with the Universal Will . . . the two psychic spheres of intellect and emotion were suddenly united in harmony and he saw the world not as Ugliness but as Beauty." It became his ambition "to see the world as Spectacle, to become as gods, through art furnishing a metaphysical justification of existence." Throughout all his writings, his basic attitude was that of the natural historian—"a serene spectator of the Absurdity of the world . . . at the same time the strenuous worker in the Rationalization of the world. That is the function of the complete man . . . the supreme task in the Art of Living."

In his personal life he was a recluse, holding himself aloof from the literary personages of his day and maintaining a calm serenity in the midst of a marital life which was for thirty years a tragi-comedy of melodramatic proportions. But throughout he maintained in his writings a lyrically affirmative attitude toward life, holding that each man should have the courage to be his own moralist and his own philosopher. From this viewpoint he was able to bring together in a single volume of "Affirmations" a unified series of luminously informed studies of such seemingly diverse men as St. Francis, Huysmans, Zola, Nietzsche, and Casanova. In all, he published thirty-five volumes of science, philosophy, biography, and esthetic criticism, as well as uncounted introductions, editorials, reviews, and comments—the usual ephemera of the professional man of letters.

Mr. Collis summarizes each of Ellis's major works and paints an attractive picture of his "hero" as a serene and rational mystic, a philosopher who ranged freely over the entire sphere of human knowledge, seeking always harmony, balance, and perspective. He is less successful in elucidating Ellis's muddled personal life. Here an unfortunate combination of psychological naïveté and hero-worship prevents him from perceiving any meaningful relationship between Ellis's devotion to the field of sex and his pathetic ineptness in personal relations. It is indeed ironic that this pioneer in the field of sexology should have been for thirty years married to a Lesbian, whose sexual misadventures he patiently tolerated, and for whom he professed a passionate love "although sex in the narrow sense played no part in it." In similar vein Collis reports that Ellis failed to discern homosexual tendencies in the man who was his closest friend for forty years.

MR. COLLIS states that he makes no claim to having written an exhaustive biography but has sought only to deal with Ellis's most fruitful and creative years. This self-imposed limitation, unfortunately, leaves the reader with a tantalizing feeling of incompleteness, and a gnawing desire to know what happened to Ellis during the twenty-three years he lived after the conclusion of this narrative in 1916. Apparently these were not empty years of senescence, for Collis lists sixteen books published between 1919 and 1939, and he gives us a provocative hint of an interesting personal life in his statement that these were "the happiest years of his life, though they brought more personal problems to be overcome. They were spent with Françoise Delisle," whose name appears only this once in the book.

Although Collis has succeeded triumphantly in rescuing a fascinating man from an undeserved near-oblivion, he falls short of presenting Havelock Ellis as the complete man he avers him to be. It remains for someone else to provide us with a full-length study in which orthodox biographical scholarship will be combined with subtle psychological insight. Only such a combination can do full justice to such a complex personality as Havelock Ellis.

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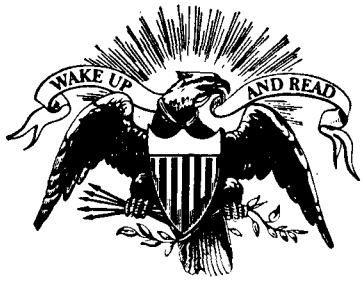

IT IS AS TRUE AS IT IS TRITE — and this applies to the other 51 weeks as well as to National Library Week — that books make a home. We suggest that you beg books, or borrow them, buy them or rent them, but, by all means, read them. You might try some of these Rinehart titles which will take you on adventures far from your armchair:

TO APPOMATTOX, *by Burke Davis,* is a splendid hour-by-hour chronicle of the nine climactic days preceding General Lee's surrender in April, 1865. RICHARD B. HARWELL says — "Scintillating piece of historical reporting." ISHBEL ROSS says—"Thrilling experience from start to finish." Illustrated, $6.00

SEA DIVER, *by Marion Clayton Link,* is for everyone interested in marine history and lore, treasure-hunting, skin-diving, and exciting adventure. It's the fascinating story of the author's voyages, with her family, through the Caribbean and their amazing underwater discoveries. Illustrated, $4.50.

RUM ROW, *by Robert Carse,* is another fabulous sea story — about the pirates of Prohibition, bootleggers, speakeasies, and the whole roaring era when America was on the wagon but the liquor was off the boat. "Hugely entertaining."—*Cleveland Press.* Illustrated, $3.95.

WONDERS OF THE WORLD, *by Leonard Cottrell,* author of *The Bull of Minos.* Mr. Cottrell takes us on a brilliantly imaginative journey to see the seven wonders of the ancient world, and continues with a dramatic trip to seven wonders of modern times — triumphs of architecture, engineering, and science. Illustrated, $4.50.

RINEHART

A Foreigner Under Faysal

—*Jacket drawing for "T. E. Lawrence."*

"T. E. Lawrence: Or, the Search for the Absolute," by Jean Beraud-Villars; *translated by Peter Dawnay (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 358 pp. $5.50), balances fantasy with fact in its scrutiny of the "uncrowned King of Arabia." William Sands, who reviews the Beraud-Villars study, is editor of the* Middle East Journal.

By William Sands

T. E. LAWRENCE has become a Western myth. This helps to explain the fact that a Frenchman has written a very good book on the man behind the legend. The flawed hero is a favorite subject throughout the literary history of those who share the Greek heritage. So Lawrence continues to fascinate able writers twenty-four years after his death. But the so-called "uncrowned King of Arabia," it should be understood, is a myth and a hero *only* in the Western world.

When I went to Arabia in 1944, almost the only knowledge I possessed of the country had come from the "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," read as literature and not as Arabica. Since it had only been a quarter of a century since the days of his exploits, I hoped to get personal views of those events and his part in them. I questioned a number of older, prominent persons in vain. Finally, I met a colonel in the Saudi Arabian Army who told me, casually, that he had known Lawrence fairly well, as one of the foreigners who had "fought with us, under Faysal the Sharif." Nothing more. Arabs may, of course, have the tendency to underestimate the part Lawrence played in what was once referred to by them as the "great revolt"—though no longer—just as Europeans tend to overrate his role, and in this they follow Lawrence's example.

Beraud-Villars is fairer to Lawrence than several, both of his admirers and his detractors, have been. He does not accept all of Lawrence's fantasies set down as history and has obviously worked his way through the many other conflicting accounts of the desert campaign of 1916-1918. Out of the imaginings, special pleading, hindsights, and posturings the author has made an earnest effort to discover truth. Lawrence was not, after all, the only prima donna who looked back on his own role in the war and saw it a little larger than life size. Beraud-Villars concludes that, even if Lawrence often lied, here indeed was a remarkable man. The overpowering effect he had upon so many was due not merely to derring-do, but to qualities of mind and personality that were unique. The "search for the absolute" of the subtitle often seems no more than another *nostalgie de la boue,* but could be resolved only in the death he frequently consciously sought.

Beraud-Villars also spends some time in examining the evidence as to Lawrence's sexuality. In this he is more fair, again, than others, notably Aldington. It is his conclusion that Lawrence must have been homosexual by inclination, but he leaves the question of overt behavior unresolved—another mystery in a man whose character was compounded out of many mysteries. Few psychologists would agree, however, that Lawrence's extreme aversion to phys-

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ical contact of any kind stemmed from an adolescent realization that his parents were not married.

Where the objective researcher gives way to the French colonialist, he is much less convincing. In several places Beraud-Villars refers to the "Sykes-Picot Agreement" of 1916 as having assured France of a mandate over Syria after the war. Now, the exchanges of correspondence that have come to be known by the names of the British and French negotiators on postwar arrangements are as explicit as can be in one detail: there was to be an independent state in Syria. There the French were to have no more than preference over the British to "supply advisers" and this "at the request" of the independent state. The agreement was a mutual self-denying operation, in much the same manner that a cartel may divide marketing territories. But Beraud-Villars blames Lawrence for having created an intransigent Arab nationalism there and believes that the latter's intrigues against the legitimate interests of the French brought forth all manner of difficulties and led to the present sorry state of the two powers in the Middle East. Of course, Lawrence in no sense created Arab nationalism, no more than he created the Arab revolt. In this M. Beraud-Villars must have a villain.

Another annoying tendency is that the author, in true French tradition, constantly attributes omnipresence and omnipotence to the British "Intelligence Service," as well as consistent anti-French manipulations. When Beraud-Villars cannot verify a detail in the life of Lawrence, he is apt to ascribe this to the secrecy of the life of an agent. Everyone knows that British intelligence in the Middle East has traditionally been good, but it is certainly far from having the godlike qualities the author attributes to it.

These criticisms aside, "T. E. Lawrence" remains probably the best study of a complicated subject yet to appear.

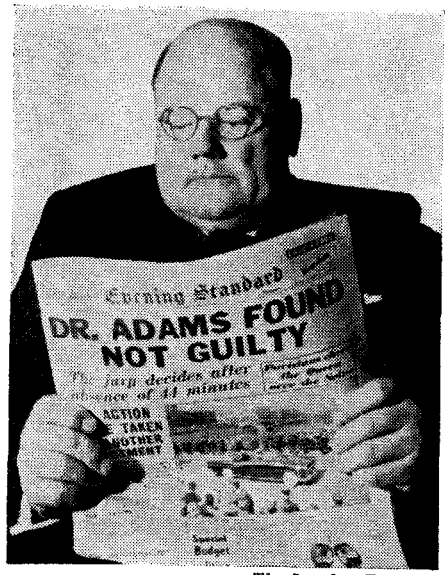
The Messy Death of Mrs. Morell

***"The Trial of Dr. Adams," by Sybille Bedford** (Simon & Schuster. 245 pp. $3.75), applies a sharp scalpel to the notorious Eastbourne murder trial. The author of "The Scientists," Eleazar Lipsky is former assistant district attorney in New York City.*

By Eleazar Lipsky

MRS. BEDFORD'S report of the 1957 trial of Dr. John Bodkins Adams for the murder by poison of Mrs. Morell, an elderly patient whom he had attended in Eastbourne, is a skilled, absorbing, and outstanding work of its kind—its kind being the report and analysis of a major crime in the interpretative style of Rebecca West. Mrs. Bedford passes swiftly and easily from abridged portions of the record, which otherwise would remain curious but flavorless, to mood bits and the atmospherics of seventeen days spent in the press box at the Old Bailey. Quickly sketched and enormously compressed, this work reflects the personality of the author, whose strong and intelligent face on the dust jacket lends authority to a series of sharp and critical judgments. It is altogether satisfying.

From the legal point of view, many questions are raised, especially



—*The London Express.*

Dr. John Bodkins Adams—Fortunately defense was able to produce records.

through the relentless skill and daring tactics of defense counsel. Mr. Geoffrey Lawrence, Q.C., reportedly without prior experience in the criminal law, exposed and destroyed the Crown's case at the outset, showing it to be so feeble, groundless, and inept that it should have been dismissed at the earlier hearing in Magistrates Court. It is puzzling that his submission at the close of the Crown's

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case (that there was no case for the defense to answer) should have been rejected by the Bench—for the record seems devoid of satisfactory proof of the necessary elements to establish the crime. Actually, Mrs. Morell's body had been cremated pursuant to the directions of her will, and the cause of death was not established. Surely this was a fatal omission.

The Crown seems to have depended on an opinion by Dr. Douthwaite (a key witness) that the large dosages of morphine and heroin administered to Mrs. Morell, who was then apparently almost *in extremis*, hastened her death—and that knowledge of this probable effect was proof positive (to Dr. Douthwaite) that Dr. Adams had formed an intention to commit murder. Even if true, this was not proof that the purpose was accomplished. However, the Crown allowed Dr. Douthwaite to address these opinions to the jury in disregard of contrary opinions of other medical witnesses, and sought to gloss over the fact that Mrs. Morell had become a confirmed drug addict whose tolerance to these drugs could not be stated.

It was fortunate that the defense was able to produce the nursing book records to contradict the uncertain memories of the nurses after a lapse of ten years, for otherwise Dr. Adams might well have been convicted of murder. Whether such conviction could have been sustained on appeal seems doubtful, to say the least. The explanation seems to lie in Dr. Adams's irresponsible handling of narcotics, which gave rise to the suspicions and rumors on which his greater difficulties were based. If there is more evidence of guilt, it has not yet been disclosed.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Vanity Fair" (1848—other, 1852; Thackeray). 2. "Bleak House" (1853—other, 1859; Dickens). 3. "Evangeline" (1847—other, 1855; Longfellow). 4. "Parnassus on Wheels" (1917—other, 1939; Morley). 5. "The Little Minister" (1891—other, 1896; Barrie). 6. "Treasure Island" (1883—other, 1885; Stevenson). 7. "The Light That Failed" (1891—other, 1901; Kipling). 8. "Tono-Bungay" (1909—other, 1916; Wells). 9. "Omoo" (1847—other, 1851; Melville). 10. "Daisy Miller" (1879—other, 1898; James). 11. "Penrod" (1914—other, 1921; Tarkington). 12. "The Deerslayer" (1826—other, 1841; Cooper). 13. "Jennie Gerhardt" (1911—other, 1925; Dreiser). 14. "Arrowsmith" (1925—other, 1927; Lewis). 15. "The Scarlet Letter" (1850—other, 1851; Hawthorne). 16. "The Works of Max Beerbohm" (1896—other, 1911; Beerbohm).

Library of Congress

Continued from page 14

personality, now bowing low to Congress and intoning: "Master, I am yours!" and on other occasions opening its arms to a loving public and inviting: "Take me, for I am yours."

Library spokesmen bristle at the suggestion that there is any conflict between its two roles. They insist it can serve Congress and "the public" faithfully at the same time. They beg the attention of members of Congress to the steadily expanding Legislative Reference Service, one of the Library's six primary subdivisions. LRS is devoted exclusively to research work for Congress. A crew of LRS people, varying between 150 and 190 according to the season, turn out memoranda and speeches (even ghosted books, it is rumored) at the snap of a member's fingers. Congress so values the LRS that its budget was boosted last year to $1,200,000 from $1,067,000 in 1957. That means about $2,250 worth of research service (the books are already paid for) per member of Congress.

He who asks about the budgetary health of the non-Congressional part of the Library finds his indiscreet inquiry buried under an avalanche of statistics—the number of thousands of "items" acquired last year, number of queries answered, books drawn out, seats occupied or cards filed. Congress, he is earnestly assured, "has been very generous," or "has shown great foresight," or "has taken a keen interest," and so on. But back in the rear echelons, employees are more frank about the parsimony of the patron in severely limiting space, staff, equipment, and service to readers.

Adults in Washington know that in this practical world there must be certain areas of conflict between any agency's various roles, given limits of budget and staff. When pressed, top Library spokesmen will admit that the order of priority is service to Congress first, to executive agencies of Government second, and to the reading public last.

Why the ambivalence? The appropriations committees of Congress (in effect, the five-man subcommittee on the House side) acts as paymaster. No one bites its hand, or complains within its hearing. The same attitude governs relations with the Green-Burleson Joint Committee on the Library, which is a sort of board of directors on Library policy. The committee meets once a year and is pretty much the private business of the chairman and his appointed committee clerk. Five of its ten members are appointed from the Senate Rules Committee, and

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five from the Committee on House Administration. Green is a bright exception (there are a couple of others) to the general run of members, most of whom have shown little interest in libraries in general or this one in particular.

One well-placed library committee figure frankly said "Let's face it. These men have other things than the Library on their minds. The work of this library committee doesn't have any political sex appeal to their voters, you know."

The 1959 committee chairman, Burleson, has made it clear that he has no intention of putting his name this year on any bill calling for the construction of the third Library building. It's more spending of Federal money, and he's against that. His fellow Democrats on the library committee from the House think likewise, a fact which does not make the Library's prospects very bright in the Eighty-Sixth Congress.

Over the past eight years Congress has approved an increase of about 50 per cent in the Legislative Reference Service budget and staff. In contrast, the budget for the rest of the Library of Congress over the same period has risen about 28 per cent, and the staff (excepting about 160 whose work is supported by gifts to the Library) from roughly 1,450 to 1,620—about 12 per cent. Legislators are making increased use of their own service, as they have a perfect right to, and are willing to pay for it. But the steady rise in total Library personnel and budget figures, in which LRS plays a major part, are in subtle numbers-game fashion held up to Librarian Mumford as evidence that he has been well treated.

As librarian to Congress he enjoys access to a loose Congressional purse. But as director of America's greatest library, Mumford is treated quite differently. Anyone with stomach for low comedy touched with tragedy should ask his Congressman for a copy of the annual Legislative Branch Appropriations hearings covering the Library (any recent year will do) and read the script. At last year's performance, for example, Mumford felt it wise to open with the explanation that he was emphasizing "only some of our most urgent requirements in the realization that this is a year in which extraordinary demands are being made on the Congress."

The spirit running through the hearing record (it is a closed-door affair) is that of a committee of Old Salem elders quizzing a servant suspected of stealing and spending his master's money. Why did Mumford need two more deck attendants to fetch and replace books? (He's had the same number since 1952). Why did he consider the 1897 reading-room lights inadequate? Must he really have a machine to clean the marble entrance hall floor? (He didn't get it.) Subcommittee Chairman Norrell epitomized the atmosphere of the hearing when he asked Mumford:

"Doctor, I believe your total request this year will be about $163,000 plus for new positions. Do you not think that is pretty steep?"—Had this "steep" sum been granted (it wasn't), the Library budget would have risen by a scant 1½ per cent.

Outside the Legislative Reference Service, the staff is ever conscious of the master's voice. A phone call comes to the periodical room, and is relayed crisply to the stacks: "I have a rush Congressional call for the May 15, 1957 *Saturday Evening Post*!" This means: Drop whatever else you're doing and fill this order!

Some members of Congress reserve Library study rooms for official business, where members of their own staff can do research independent of LRS. The Library checks once a year to see if the legislator wants to retain his room or is ready to give it up. "Official business" is a loose term in Washington. One Senator, recently retired, retained a room on Deck A of the main building for a year, during which the same pencil was seen to rest on the same yellow pad beside the same old newspaper without being disturbed. Another turned his room over to a lady relative who wanted to try creative writing, but somehow she never got around to starting.

Until recently there was space to

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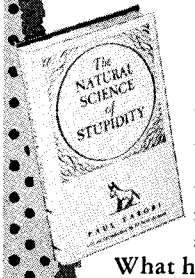
—MXGH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 824
No one is a hero to his valet.
—Mme. De Sevigne.

The NATURAL SCIENCE *of* STUPIDITY

BY PAUL TABORI



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spare in the Library of Congress for this, but now space is getting extremely tight. The reason? A steady invasion of research workers for the State and Defense Departments, assigned to semi-hush projects of translating and abstracting. The Library has been induced to give them a home, on the ground that its research resources make it the logical place to do this kind of desk work. There are about 500 executive-branch employees crowded into the Library now, and each month they squeeze the Library staff and the reading public just a little tighter. In some places an entire section has been cleared for them and closed off with locked doors and heavy screens around the bookshelves. Elevators, snack bar and corridors resound with a babel of Slavic tongues mixed with refugee English. Library officials are concerned over being considered a patsy for just one more study project for national defense, but they find it hard to say no.

The space problem is critical now; but the shortage of staff has been more-than-critical for years. Flowing solely from lack of money, the staff shortage has had two principal sequels: curtailment of service to readers and falling behind in Library care of its materials, termed "arrearage" in libraryese.

The Music Division, for instance, is no longer open on Saturdays, Sundays and evenings, as it was before World War II. Music is very low on the totem pole of Congressional interest, so this division has been denied staff for the sake of other more important activities. When Mumford asked the Norrell subcommittee for funds last June, he urgently requested two more people "to permit a beginning to be made in sorting and filing a backlog of 90,000 pieces of accessioned music and in verifying the order of it on the shelves. In addition to that, we have a considerable amount of material transferred from the Copyright Office two years ago that has been boxed up, and we hope with these two positions to be able to begin to make some inroads in this arrearage, which consists of about one million pieces of music."

In the Manuscript Division, the hearing record shows, conditions were a little better. "We are now able to stay up with the current intake," the Librarian testified. He asked two more jobs "to enable the division to make a gradual reduction in the unprocessed backlog now numbering approximately 4,500,000 pieces."

Mumford threw up his hands at the Orientalia Division, where he said the backlog would probably sit uncatalogued forever. "We are not asking for staff to go back and catalogue these 840,000 volumes, but simply enough to stay up with current intake," he said.

So the record goes, division by division, detailing a story of Congressional neglect while the Librarian respectfully, patiently tried to show the Congressmen what was happening in the backrooms at the "temple of Western culture." He understated his case by a wide margin, as he does in his annual reports, skipping over the worst signs of decay in the main Library building—the buckets placed indoors to catch rain from the leaky roof, balky elevators that break down regularly, the book lift that halts when overloaded, or mangles books beyond repair, and a hundred repair jobs left undone.

Not mentioned is the enforced neglect of Library holdings: thick black dust accumulating on uncleaned books, uncatalogued reading matter piled up on the floor, a microfilming program inadequate to keep pace with the deterioration of bound newspapers, and a dozen other shortcomings that a little money would relieve.

On May 15, 1953, *The Times of London* carried a vigorous blast written by Sir Thomas Kendrick, then Director of the British Museum, against the way that great library had been allowed to deteriorate for lack of funds. His article got results. Kendrick enjoyed a freedom to fight for his great British library that L. Quincy Mumford does not have in America, because of his peculiar relation to Congress. Unfortunately, no one in official Washington is the Library's vigorous champion.

As America faces the possibility of reorganizing the Library of Congress around a new central building, the more perspicacious may ask whether Congress should not give its grown-up baby more freedom. Except for the appropriations control, which it exercises over all executive agencies, Congress does not run the National Archives, nor the Smithsonian Institution, nor the National Medical Library. There is no fundamental reason why Congress must retain the entire presently named Library of Congress under its control. If assured through the Legislative Reference Service all the library space, staff and service it is willing to pay for, might the legislators not be persuaded to get out of the national library business?

A Capitol Hill figure very close to the Joint Committee on the Library mused aloud recently: "I wonder what would happen if somebody tried to change its name from Library of Congress to something else. I bet that would cause a minor revolution around here!" He was probably right.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Handel in the Air—Verdi by Walter—Anderson

AN OPPORTUNITY for acquaintance with the Handel that was before he became the Handel that is marked the beginning of the Philharmonic Orchestra's six week ceremonial centering around the 200th anniversary of the composer's death in mid-April. With admirable enterprise, Leonard Bernstein provided a virtual opus 1, the "St. John's Passion" of 1704, written when Handel was nineteen and not yet embarked on the travels that would make him the first great cosmopolite in music.

What we have in this "Passion" is the work of a phenomenally gifted youth, thoroughly equipped for the craft to which he was to bring such distinction, but it would be rash to discern in this score a flowering of seeds without knowing a good deal more about his predecessors (such as Schütz) than we do. There is a clear blend of Italian operatic influence in the aria writing, Germanic bent in the orchestral and choral elements, as one was alerted to observe by Herbert Weinstock's program comment. But what seemed lacking to me—and this is a rearward, birds-eye view from the eminence of the later Handel—was a rich enough contrapuntal texture to weave it all together. What Bernstein provided, in effect, was an affecting preview of the genius which is being honored world-wide rather than an authentic example of it full formed.

He honored it particularly through the dignity and reserve of a manner conditioned by his occupation with the harpsichord continuo, so that the music accumulated in its own expressive time without being underscored by undue interpretative italics. His variable solo group did not bring the distinction to their tasks that one would have wished, Russell Oberlin being ill and replaced by a young countertenor named Robert White (his father was once celebrated as the "Silvermasked Tenor" of radio). He has all the aptitudes for his work but insufficient present command of the crucial part of Pontius Pilate. Norman Farrow as Jesus, David Lloyd as the Evangelist, and Morely Meredith, bass, were all on the fringe of acceptability, but Margaret Kalil has not learned how to manipulate the florid line of Handel's writing with her bright-sounding young voice.

A kind of heavy scholarship was invoked to justify the performance of an organ concerto (F major, opus 4, No. 5) between the two halves of the Passion. Handel did it, we are told, and it also took the place of the sermon interpolated at this point in church performances. Well, Mozart and Beethoven also accepted expedients (performances of vocal music between movements of a symphony or concerto) which Bernstein would shun as indefensible today. Tradition is always expendable when it wars with good musical sense.

THE more mature Handel of "Acis and Galatea" had the benefit of the suitable voices of Victoria de los Angeles and Cesare Valletti when it was performed earlier in the week under the direction of Alfred Wallenstein, who had prepared last summer's presentation at the Karamoor estate of Mrs. Lucie Rosen in Westchester. At best it was methodical Handel that Wallenstein provided, with zest and musical poetry in rather short measure. Miss de Los Angeles made the occasion memorable with her singing of "As when the dove laments her love," and "Of infant limbs," but it is a poor evening for Handel when attention must be focused on a brilliant soprano's typical execution of her requirements. Russell Oberlin's replacement on this occasion was Charles Bressler, whose diligent efforts were insufficient. Mac Morgan's low voice is hardly equal to Polyphemus's "O ruddier than the cherry," which can be a basso's equivalent of "Caro nome." But not this time.

GOOD FRIDAY brought with it Verdi's "Requiem" at the Metropolitan in place of the customary "Parsifal," with as much fine music in substantially shorter time. Bruno Walter's presence in the opera house for the first time since the spring of 1957 was an overriding influence on the outcome, for he provided a largeness of design and depth of understanding that were appropriate to the greatness of the work.

However it was inherent in the nature of his associates that some "overriding" be done, for Zinka Milanov was unable to perform, and the vocal command of Heidi Krall, who replaced her, was under constant stress: Rosalind Elias's mezzo is not the large one demanded by Verdi, and Giorgio Tozzi's low voice hasn't the substance for "Mors, stupebit" and similar pronouncements. Carlo Bergonzi came closest to what was wanted with his well-colored, beautifully controlled "Ingemisco" and "Hostias." It was a group with a good deal of vocal health, capable of some fine sounds: but without the grasp of the subtleties their parts contain.

For Miss Krall, who has yet to sing a leading soprano role of substantial size at the Metropolitan, this was a privilege with some possibilities of disaster. She showed strong vocal stuff in seeing it through, up to a secure B flat at the end of the "Libera me": but there were many details of meaning, phraseology, etc., which were wanting. A tendency to sing notes rather than lines, and intervals rather than meaningful curves must be overcome if she is to get maximum results from her very usable equipment.

In the aforementioned "Libera me" Miss Krall showed the occupational inclination of opera performers—the chorus also offended—to wander from pitch when singing unaccompanied. An earlier passage in the "Lux aeterna" was similarly muddy in sound, with Bergonzi, on the inner line, the offender here. On the other hand, the chorus sang and the orchestra played with a degree of animation that surpassed the actual physical effort put forth by Walter. Whether attributable to their memory of a previous collaboration (in 1951) or, more likely, to his ability to convey (by looks and gestures not visible to the listener) his will to the performers, it provided the large audience with an authentic experience of Verdi in the mood of the "Manzoni" Requiem.

HAVING been listening to Marian Anderson since her Town Hall debut on December 30, 1935, it is no part of pleasure to report that her latest appearance in Carnegie Hall found the once noble instrument only a vague suggestion of its former self. To a typically discriminating program that began with Ahle and Hook, proceeded to Mozart ("Die Ihr des unermesslichen Weltalss"), Schubert, Strauss, Sibelius, and Rachmaninoff en route to a group of spirituals, Miss Anderson applied all of her formidable resources of artistry and temperament, but there were as many wrong as right notes in the unfocussed, ill-supported vocalization. Now and then, in "Der Doppelgänger" and "Erlkönig," there were stretches of the kind of vocal distinction associated with Miss Anderson, but very little of the discipline associated with her long admired artistry.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Emerson to Salinger to Parker

By ALLEN SCHRADER

THE "New England Renaissance" course in which I was to meet Emerson and "cool" jazz had hardly begun when the "prof" dropped the information that

> There are sixteen-year-olds who get the hang of what Emerson is saying immediately.

Rounding out his initial statement with a delayed *appoggiatura,* the "prof" added,

> Reading Emerson is somewhat like listening to a "cool" saxophone. Parents can hear a Charlie Parker record and not have the foggiest notion about what's going on. Yet "Junior" seems to sense right away what's being said.

At the time I heard the preceding remarks, I didn't quite comprehend how "Junior" could possibly appreciate the often complex Emerson and the intricate patterns of "cool" jazz so readily. However, two semesters later an event happened in my life; the "prof" in my American "lit" course that featured writings of a comparatively recent vintage decided that his students ought to read J. D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye." In the process of probing beneath the surface of mid-twentieth century culture via Salinger's X-Ray awareness, I managed to do more than complete the immediate assignment. Not only did I begin to see the perceptive Holden Caulfield, the teenage protagonist of "The Catcher in the Rye," in a believable perspective, but the highly involved output of Emerson and the "cool" jazz artists —in relation to "Junior," that is— began to appear less opaque.

My enlightenment to the fine arts of jazz, Emerson and Salinger did not take place, I must report, during my first romp through the pages of "The Catcher in the Rye." In fact I found my initial observations of Holden's rare, analytical powers puzzling, though exhilarating. To me, Holden, a sixteen-year-old who is

Salinger—"might be scattered . . ."

at all times keenly sensitive to the very essence of what the creative artist attempts to produce, did seem— and still seems—an exciting protagonist. Yet I could not accept the idea that Holden—even if he were to be certified as the most talented "Junior" in a school for exceptional children— had the ability to make unerring judgments about the various individuals in his society. After all, Salinger suggests that Holden has only to glance at a fellow being in order to deftly catalogue him as a "phony" or an effectual human being.

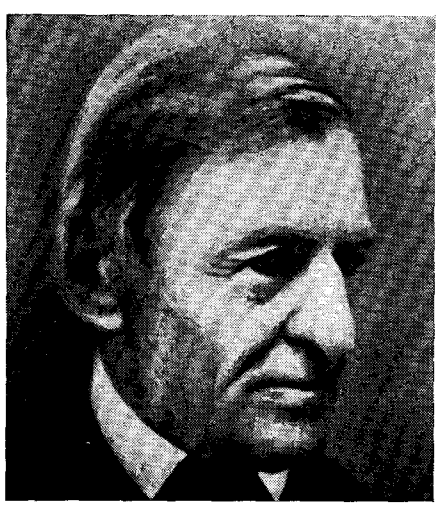
My doubts about Holden being an accurate index to a flesh and blood character—plus the plausibility of "Junior's" immediate understanding of Emerson and "cool" jazz—were partially explained, however, during the third class discussion of Salinger's work. Before I had completely finished the sentence in which I asked whether Salinger had created in Holden an anomaly, the "prof" suggested,

> that a sixteen-year-old just doesn't have as many things in the way as a person your age.

Evidently it was the phrase, "many things in the way," which helped to unplug the dam, the dam that up to this time had kept me from understanding and appreciating—in a very complete sense, that is—the underlying message of Emerson, "cool" jazz, "The Catcher in the Rye," or any other creative work wherein worth-while values might be scattered, horizontally and vertically, over a complex maze.

That I heard the phrase *many things in the way* and immediately became sensitive to the very core of what makes Emerson, Salinger, and "cool" jazz tick, might make interesting reading, but it would mean highly inaccurate reporting. My metathesis from the unaware to the aware was hardly that sudden! In actuality, finding out exactly what the "prof" had meant by his phrase, *things in the way,* proved to be a delaying but meaningful excursion in semantics. At first I thought of *things in the way* as a set of preconceived notions that are likely to be entertained by "Junior's" elders when they meet up with anything new in our culture. That is, "Junior" or Holden— as they have hardly scratched the surface of their "four score and plus" —do not seem to be hampered by a conditioned set of responses that automatically force the supposedly mature patrons of the arts to immediately evaluate any new experience as good, bad, or indifferent. Since "Junior" and Holden did not exist during the first third of our present century, a period when jazz was frequently

(*Continued on page* 58)



Emerson—"worth-while values . . ."

Parker—"over a complex maze."

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Lester Young (1909-1959)

By JOHN HAMMOND

ON A SUNDAY morning in the middle of March, Lester Young was found dead in a shabby New York hotel room. For ten hours there was a dispute about the release of his body, pending settlement of a bill for back rent.

When Lester was a member of Count Basie's band from 1936-1940, he changed the whole concept of saxophone playing in American jazz. He had a small, unforced tone completely at variance with the accepted thick sounds that men like Coleman Hawkins and Chu Berry had imposed on the tenor sax. His ability to improvise was legendary, as in a 1936 Detroit jam session when he blew seventy-six straight choruses on "Sweet Sue," lasting over an hour.

My first encounter with Lester was in 1934, when he arrived from Kansas City to replace Coleman Hawkins in the Fletcher Henderson band. He arrived one afternoon at the old Cotton Club, thin, wan, and with a beat-up instrument in a cloth bag. Fletcher had heard him a few months before in Kansas City, and was convinced that he had the musicianship, if not the tone, to set New York on its ear.

I will never forget the horrified look on the faces of the Henderson musicians when he stood up for his first solo in the deserted club. Since there was no microphone setup, Young could barely be heard beyond the third row of tables where I was sitting, and it was easy to see the disgusted looks of the other members of the section when he sat down. As for myself, I was so moved by his cool, pure sound that I tried to compensate for the lack of enthusiasm among the band. Of course, it was no use.

It was nearly two more years before I saw Lester again. This time the scene was Kansas City, where Lester reigned supreme on the Basie bandstand at the Reno Club. The nine-piece orchestra, of which he was a part, was probably the most exciting and inventive group in jazz history. Sparked by the rhythm of Jo Jones, Basie, and Walter Page, Lester's incredible improvising blossomed, and his section work, under the tutelage of Buster Smith, teacher of Charlie Parker and the greatest of Basie's many first alto men, became increasingly secure.

Basie's band played at the Reno seven nights a week from 8:00 P.M. to 4:00 A.M., except on Saturdays, when a breakfast dance extended the hours to eight in the morning. For this Young received two dollars more than the weekly scale of fifteen dollars. A diet that varied between gin and marijuana enabled him to sit in after hours at the Sunset with Pete Johnson, and he could also be found playing blues over on Eighteenth Street with the more primitive Everett Johnson.

IN OCTOBER 1936, Count Basie came to Chicago with a big (thirteen-piece) orchestra and the backing of the Music Corporation of America. I was lucky enough to supervise the first recording session in which Lester Young participated, a secretive affair first released on Vocalion under the name Jones-Smith, Inc. There were just five musicians on the date: Basie, Jo Jones, Page, Young, and a substitute for the ailing Buck Clayton named Tatti Smith. Within two miraculous hours and without a single "fluff," four perfect sides were made, and a few weeks later the American jazz public was first able to hear a completely new saxophone sound.

Lester's second trip to New York was scarcely more auspicious than his first. In December of 1936, the Basie orchestra opened at the Roseland Ballroom, but the saxophone player acclaimed by the critics was not Young but Herschel Evans, a fine Texas tenor man with a lush, conventional Hawkins tone.

Young—"completely new sound."

A few days after the Roseland opening I arranged an after hours session at a Greenwich Village dive called the Black Cat, so that Benny Goodman could have a chance to hear the Basie rhythm section plus Lester Young and Buck Clayton. After Lester had played a few choruses, Benny turned to me and said that it was the first time he had ever heard a completely natural sound on the tenor sax. With no prodding he went to the bandstand, played the clarinet for a while and then switched horns with Lester. That was the first and last time I had ever heard Benny blow tenor, and to this day I cannot forget my astonishment at the fact that he produced a sound that practically duplicated Lester's.

The night was memorable for two other reasons. Lester's clarinet playing bowled us all over to such an extent that Benny gave him his horn on the spot. In addition, that was the night Basie first met Freddie Green, who was playing guitar in the little nonunion orchestra at the Black Cat. Although Freddie joined Basie's band within two months, Lester never bothered to play more than an occasional solo on clarinet, and then only under duress. His heart wasn't in it.

ONCE again Lester did not confine his playing to Basie's band. Some of his greatest records were made with Teddy Wilson and Billie Holiday on Brunswick, and there were even a couple of sides where he "carved" the great Goodman. By 1940, he became enough of a commercial "name" that he left the Basie organization to start a small band with his brother Lee, a drummer now with Nat Cole.

Lester is gone now, and his last fifteen years seem to me to have been a tragic waste of one of the few genuinely creative talents in jazz. He spawned dozens of talented imitators, many of whom became more commercially successful than he. The small bands he led were an affront to his ear and the public's. Occasionally he would appear in Norman Granz's frantic "Jazz at the Philharmonic" concerts, unable to honk sufficiently for the fickle crowd.

In recent years Lester Young has been canonized by the progressive, "cool" school of musicians. He belonged to a different era, however, and never sounded as comfortable with the self-styled modernists as with the blues-oriented musicians he grew up with. Ironically, it was as a sideman that he left his mark on jazz, for he had neither the organizational nor business talent to make it as a leader.

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Recordings Reports: Jazz

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"Rendezvous with Rex." Rex Stewart and Orchestras. Felsted FAJ 7001, $4.98. "Tillie's Twist;" "Pretty Ditty;" "Tell Me More;" "Danzon d'Amor;" "My Kind of Gal;" "Blue Echo."	The whole of this report is devoted to LPs that have come out in series and derive their existence from interest abroad in jazz musicians and groupings, which had virtually dropped out of sight from the recording studios. Stanley Dance, a British impresario of jazz, came to the United States to find out why. The talented American musicians he has assembled for recording are too many for mention in this small space; it should be noted, however, that hardly a record in the series does not reveal the unquestionable abilities of musicians whose names are unknown except to a handful of other musicians. The Rex Stewart LP, first of the releases called "Mainstream Jazz"—see the liner for an attempted definition, then settle back and listen—will suggest small-band Ellington recordings of the late Twenties to late Thirties, but with this difference: there has not been as much rehearsal and live playing time. Another difference: Ellington's hand at bringing together disparate elements of an ensemble is lacking. Balance against this the eloquent smearing, cajoling, stinging cornet of Rex Stewart; the inspired, earthy, and almost entirely unknown trombone of George Stevenson; and a clarinet player, Haywood Henry, whose past has been wholly buried in the reed sections of large bands, but whose present seems bright indeed.
"Earl's Backroom and Cozy's Caravan." Earl Hines Quartet and Cozy Cole Septet. Felsted FAJ 7002, $4.98. "Brussels' Hustle;" "Oooh!;" "Backroom at the Villa d'este;" "Caravan;" "Phatz' Blues;" "Margie."	Item Two of the "Mainstream" project displays the flashy, authoritative piano of Earl Hines (side one) playing in a not-so-formidable band. It just doesn't quite come off, in spite of the high competences displayed. Side two presents the Cozy Cole Septet, and, aside from Cole's extended drum solos, left no lasting impressions. As isolated LP's, either side would have been satisfactory as reflection of current operations of Hines or Cole; included in this series, they seem out of place, as neither makes a statement that relates to the project.
"All About Memphis." Buster Bailey, his Quartet and Septet. Felsted FAJ 7003, $4.98. "Bear Wallow;" "Hatton Avenue and Gayoso Street;" "Sunday Parade;" "Memphis Blues;" Chickasaw Bluff;" "Hot Water Bayou."	The programming of selections for item three was controlled by a desire on the part of Buster Bailey, veteran clarinetist of many years' jazz experience, to relate some of the musical history centering in and about his birth town of Memphis, Tennessee. Five titles derive from recollections of music heard there in his youth. Linked also to Memphis are two of the blues written by W. C. Handy. The arrangements are light in feeling, not overcomplicated, with solos succeeding each other in a propulsive, take-your-turn manner. Bailey is compellingly at ease with the clarinet throughout most of the material, although he seems to run to tricks when tackling a super-elongated version, played very slow, of "Memphis Blues." Herman Autrey, whose trumpet contributed much background punch to many Fats Waller sessions, acquits himself well in slow, muted passages. Vic Dickenson, whose trombone playing becomes a sterling fixture of later items, makes his firmly stated entry here.
"Swinging like . . . Tate!" Buddy Tate and his Orchestra. Felsted FAJ 7004, $4.98. "Bottle It;" "Walk That Walk;" "Miss Sadie Brown;" "Moon Eyes;" "Rockin' Steve;" "Rompin' with Buck."	Buddy Tate, who replaced Herschel Evans in the Count Basie Orchestra of 1939 and went on to stay with the band for ten years, plays with different alignments of seven men on each side of the LP. Side one presents his own group, as it is now constituted; on side two, Pat Jenkins, trumpet, and Eli Robinson, trombone, give up their chairs to Buck Clayton and Dicky Wells. Both groups are splendidly cohesive, more so than any others heard in this series. The rhythms established are easy, swinging, and dance-oriented; with them, the men improvise with authority and bravura. Of the two sides, the second is outstanding. Something quite real takes place as the men string out a series of brilliant solos that reflects their enjoyment of the occasion. This was a very live session, one of those rare ones of the kind that hardly ever takes place in a recording studio.
"Bones for the King." Dicky Wells and Orchestras. Felsted FAJ 7006, $4.98. "Bones for the King;" "Sweet Daddy Spo-de-o;" "You Took My Heart;" "Hello, Smack;" "Come and Get It;" "Stan's Dance."	The "bones" are trombones, and the first side presents four of them: Dicky Wells, Vic Dickenson, Benny Morton, and George Matthews. "Bones for the King" is a blues arranged and written by Dicky Wells, dedicated to the late Tommy Dorsey. The varied proficiencies displayed by the four trombonists for this and the other selections are altogether stunning, and add up to a most unusual and wholly entertaining jazz recording. Since humor, or even a suggestion of it, has been excommunicated from contemporary jazz, it is all the more welcome as it reappears briefly in the tune titled "Sweet Daddy Spo-de-o." Some half-sung, half-spoken dialogue between the trombone players is delightfully underscored by the singing string bassist, Major Holley, who hums and bows so that instrument and voice are almost indistinguishable. Dicky Wells, the leader of this date, seems to be able to push more wind through a muted trombone than any other working at this business; in the process, he extracts from its pipings certain unique tonalities that are well suited to his highly vocal solo expressions.
"Blues à la Mode." Budd Johnson, Septet and Quintet. Felsted FAJ 7007, $4.98. "Foggy Nights;" "Leave Room in Your Heart for Me."	In a septet, Budd Johnson, tenor saxophone, plays with Charlie Shavers, Vic Dickenson, and Al Sears; in a quintet, with Shavers and the rhythm section. There are moments of good solo work, but nothing on either side approaches the summits achieved in the two previous recordings of Wells and Tate. A distinctive feature of the "Mainstream" series is that all its arrangements, and the greater majority of its melodies, were contributed by musicians who made up the various groupings selected for the recordings. This is in itself something of an experimental approach to "mainstream" music, in the sense that among the challenges met and disposed of by jazz musicians playing in the 1925-1940 period was that of handling popular tunes. It was in rising above the presumed banalities of this material that they asserted their musicianship. But in using such tunes, they had a familiar framework from which to depart, and so could enchant listeners with recognized variations. With the exception of the two Handy tunes, no such opportunity has been provided in this undertaking. It is true that many tunes were written by band members of the earlier period, and that they never became especially popular, save as showpieces for the specific orchestra. Yet here, they had the benefit of constant performance and constant revision, instead of what one suspects was the sketchy rehearsal time alloted to groups responsible for this "come-all-ye" mainstream project. —FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

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"Have Gunn . . ."

ACCORDING to the best American usage, one stays home of an evening to "watch" television —which is a pretty good summation of how much, to date, the industry has provided for those who have ears to hear with as well as eyes to drowse by. It came to Blake Edwards, of Spartan Productions, like a flash from the blue, that what would distinguish a new TV series he was planning a year ago from all other "adult mystery-adventure" (his terminology, like Restoration drama or Venetian glass) series would be for people to listen to, and identify with the hero, even if everything else he did was the same as any other private eye.

I hardly need add that the end result was "Peter Gunn." In addition to having writers, a cast and production men, it has, in Hank Mancini, a composer-in-residence, whose jazz talents have been previously employed in such films as "The Glenn Miller Story," Orson Welles's "Touch of Evil," and "The Benny Goodman Story." What he has produced for "Peter Gunn" might not cause undue excitement at Birdland; but it is, ideationally and musically, many long strides ahead of the usual things against which such TV entertainment is projected.

The audible evidence may be found on various current discs, beginning with the *ur*-text itself (RCA Victor LPM 1956 $3.98) on which the composer (now promoted, a la Robert Trout, to Henry Mancini) purveys his own version with the musicians heard, but not regularly identified, on the TV tape: Pete Candoli, trumpet; Ted Nash, alto; Ronnie Lang, baritone sax; Dick Nash and Milt Bernhart, trombones; Johnny T. Williams, piano; Larry Bunker, vibes; Jack Sperling. bass; and Rolly Bundock, bass. They are the "band" that performs at "Mother's," Peter Gunn's home away from home, where his girl, Edie Hart, vocalizes. In sequence, the items are "Peter Gunn," "Sorta Blue," "The Brothers Go to Mother's," "Dreamsville," "Session at Pete's Pad," "Soft Sounds," "Fallout!", "The Floater," "Slow and Easy," "A Profound Gass," "Brief and Breezy," and "Not from Dixie."

Mancini has an engaging melodic gift, and a lively sense of instrumental color, also a well-stocked mind for the kind of mannerisms that go into the making of what is called "modern jazz." That is, to say, it sometimes sounds like listening to George Shearing through a wall, with occasional overtones of Gillespie and Parker. Thoroughly organized and designed not to cause sufficient of an aural temblor to impel anyone to turn off the TV, it gives a reasonable portrait in sound of the crew-cropped, Brooks Brothers-suited Gunn, who weekly makes San Francisco a more orderly place in which to live. (Sisyphus-like, the problem seems profitably beyond ready solution.)

However, this is but the beginning of the "Peter Gunn" saga, for, somewhat cannibalistically, various jazzmen who have invented some of the idiom with which Mancini works, are ingesting his ideas, and—as jazzmen have a habit of doing—converting them into something of their own. Among them are Shelly Manne and quintet, who were recently seen in a segment of "Peter Gunn" as house-band in one of the boîtes where the forces of evil miscalculate the keen eye and quick brain of our hero. With Victor Feldman on vibes and marimba; Herb Geller, alto sax; Russ Freeman, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; and another trumpet-playing Candoli (Conte), Manne gives us a percussion-studded set of excerpts ("Not from Dixie" is missing). (Contemporary C 3560, $4.98). It gets better as it goes along, with an especially beatful treatment of "A Profound Gass."

A FLAVOR of another kind prevails on Columbia CL 1319, $3.98, on which the trumpet talents of Joe Wilder are matched with those of Milt Hinton, bass; Hank Jones, piano; and John Cresci, Jr., drums. Here the looser procedures of chamber jazz enable the players to move a little further away from the restraints of TV, providing what is traditionally called a showcase for the Wilder horn, which has been cultivated under such auspices as Les Hite. Lionel Hampton, Lucky Millinder, Sam Donahue and Count Basie, not to the mention a United States Marine band. Wilder's ten includes "Not from Dixie," but omits—of all things—the "Peter Gunn" theme itself.

If you prefer a bass-flavored "Peter Gunn" rather than one giving prominence to the Manne skins or the Wilder horn, the Aaron Bell Orchestra, which operates on Lion L70112, $1.98, does the basic ten ("Peter Gunn" in, "Not from Dixie" out) on the solid foundation provided by the leader's virtuosity with the thick-stringed instrument. There is also a good deal of sinister flute, menacing electric guitar and moaning sax by an ensemble of able musicians who, presumably for personal reasons of their own, are nameless.

All these endorsements of Mancini's brain children are doubtless pleasing for him to contemplate, but he is likely to profit most from performance by Ray Anthony of the "Peter Gunn" theme on Capitol (F4041, $.89) a disc which has been selling in Hit Parade quantities for a dozen weeks. If this proves that the large public prefers a popularized version of what, in the first instance, can hardly be called esoteric, it also suggests that a seemingly "daring" idea can penetrate into areas far beyond those allotted to it.

Doubtless Blake Edwards and his staff, not to mention Mancini himself, have been pondering the direction to take when the current run of "Peter Gunn" is at end. Has anybody ever tried an adult mystery-adventure-Western series? All you need is a new *decor* for the hero, a short geographical relocation, some variations on the established musical themes, and, of course, a new title—something like (just thinking out loud) "Peter Gunnsmoke."

—I. K.

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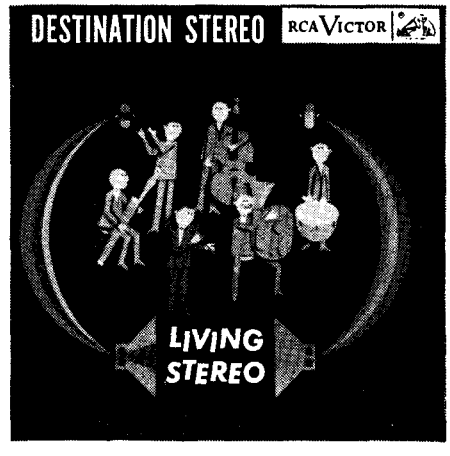

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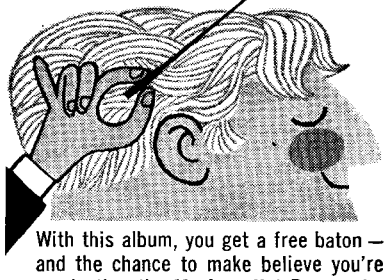

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Kicking Hong Kong Around

HONG KONG.

AT A RESTAURANT called Princess Garden, on Nathan Road in Kowloon, they serve an excellent Peking Duck. Ordinarily they serve it the same way other places do, but the night I was there they departed from their ritual. They brought the crisp brown duck, the green onion shoots, the pancakes to wrap around the preceding two ingredients, and the hot sauce to dip the pancakes in—all that was standard. Then they turned off the lights, so that it was impossible to prepare the duck for eating, let alone eat it. At first my friends and I started to protest, but just then the house orchestra played, and we were so pleasantly surprised by the sound that we all but forgot that we had gone to the Princess Garden primarily to eat. For me, Hong Kong is just the opposite of Tokyo. I had gone to Japan expecting to hear some good jazz, and had heard very little; I had gone to Hong Kong expecting nothing, and I found two good little bands and two superb instrumentalists.

The tinseled letters on the backdrop of the bandstand spelled out BERRY YANEZA AND HIS PRINCESS GARDEN SERENADERS, which conjured up images of something pre-Lombardo that would specialize in such numbers as "Waitin' at the End of the Road" or possibly even "Ramona." I had heard that most dance band musicians in Hong Kong were Filipinos, and I imagined them playing the kind of thing that could have beguiled General MacArthur and Lt. Col. Eisenhower in pre-Bataan days. Well, it was nothing of the sort.

Berry Yaneza is a slight and diffident young man who plays a trumpet to which those two adjectives do not apply. It is a relaxed, gentle sound that comes from his horn, but it is also a sound marked by forceful virility, and a sound that embodies echoes of the best elements of Armstrong and Gillespie. Even on ballads, he never whines or understates.

Yaneza is thirty-one and has been a musician since he was eight. His father and some uncles had a forty-two piece organization in Manila, the Bayani Brass Band, in which Berry, his four sisters, and his brother played from the time they were old enough to lift instruments. "We played for parades, fiestas," he told me, "or when somebody die . . ." At sixteen he "started to join" a cabaret band, which meant that like many jazz-struck kids in the United States, he took his trumpet around to a club where there was a jazz band, or what passed for one in Manila, and hoped they would ask him to sit in. That same year the Japanese killed one of his sisters and he became a guerrilla. When the war was over he began hanging around the bandstand again, and eventually he was accepted.

HE CAME to Hong Kong about four years ago, leaving behind a wife and three children, and hoping to earn a better living for them. Before he quite knew what he was about he also had acquired a Chinese concubine; he has six children by her, he mentioned casually. He has to hustle. A bandleader in Hong Kong can earn about $1,500, Hong Kong, per month (at the current rate of exchange, $5.70 Hong Kong = $1.00 U.S.), and that is not bad, but it is not good enough for two wives and nine children. Yaneza supplements his income in the afternoons by making records for the Chinese trade and playing in studio bands in the Chinese movie companies. He said the life of a musician in Hong Kong was not bad at all. "We have some very good players," he said. "Go hear Connie Grego at the Clover Hotel. He is the best we have."

The legend on the bandstand curtain at the Clover said KUNG HEI FAT CHOY, and on the bandstand an adorable Filipino girl was singing what I at first took to be a Cambodian folk tune, something that sounded like "Deakor Bat." More careful attention translated it for me as that popular hit of the day, "Teacher's Pet." The girl did not seem to know exactly what she was singing, and I later learned that she had heard the song on an American record and memorized it in her own phonetic way. The band behind her was not especially distinguished. It consisted of a saturnine pianist, who held his wrists very high above the keyboard, as Ralph Sutton does, and allowed his fingers to trail down like electric willow branches; a small and gnomelike bassist whose instrument was a foot taller than he; a Buddhistic drummer;

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and a personable tenor saxophonist who looked to be about thirty.

This was Connie Grego (originally Gregorio) who was something else again. His tenor came as a shock of delight—its tone was high and sweet, and he phrased almost as a flautist does (and he doubles on flute). On "Body and Soul," after a first chorus up high with the rhythm swinging wonderfully behind him, he abruptly dropped down, away from the melody, and began inserting appropriate parodies of, among other things, "Nola" and "Humoresque." It was a delicate saxophone, and dreamy, and yet it lacked that hand-wringing, weepy quality that characterizes so many of the Stateside men. It occurred to me that if Connie Grego had appeared at roughly the time Sonny Rollins did, the whole state of tenor saxophone playing in the United States would be a good deal more pleasant and rewarding to listen to than it is now.

Grego did not tell me as much about himself as Berry Yaneza had. He said that he had been born in the Philippines, had played with bands there, and had gone to Shanghai to play in a ten-piece dance band in 1934. He had remained there until the Communists had come in, and then had gone down to Hong Kong. During the years he also had mastered vibes, flute, bass, clarinet, and drums. He had learned about jazz by listening to the records of Bud Freeman, Coleman Hawkins, and Lester Young. He said he did not think that any one of them had influenced him more than another; his style was his own, he thought. He was right. It is a style that, with proper presentation, could make him into a major jazz figure in the United States. He is forty-seven, which is astounding, considering his youthful appearance, and what is even more astounding, he gives the impression that he is just beginning.

I SPENT a pleasant two hours listening to and talking to Grego; the bassist-leader, Peter Endaya; the pianist, Ray Remedios; and the drummer, Rudy Valderrama. They gave us the best jazz we have heard thus far on this trip, and they also gave us a laugh. We had been puzzling over the words behind the bandstand, and finally a friend of mine could not bear it any longer. "What does Kung Hei Fat Choy mean?" he asked. "Is it the name of the band, the name of this club, or a specialty of the house?" he asked. The musicians smiled at our ignorance. "It is Chinese for Happy New Year," Connie Grego said.

—RICHARD GEHMAN.

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Triple Play

Continued from page 52

played in the "speak-easies" of the roaring twenties and the music rooms (that is, rooms with a piano) of the red-light districts, they cannot sense, at least as the result of a first-hand experience, what jazz might mean in a historical context.

Not feeling compelled to look at literature or jazz against an overhanging historical and sociological context, "Junior" and Holden are free to examine whatever imaginative work may be in front of them for what it is, not for what it is a part of. That is, "Junior" and Holden, unlike their historically and sociologically encumbered parents, do not rely upon an "Arnoldian" touchstone out of the past as an evaluative measuring stick to determine whether an imaginative work is moral or immoral, or whether it does—or does not—have a right to exist. Thus, "Junior" and Holden are not likely to conclude hastily that a particular jazz record is not worth consideration because its antecedents had evolved from an unhealthy habitat. Whether the "cool" trumpet of Miles Davis is to become a part of "Junior" and Holden's past will depend, I believe our sixteen-year-olds would agree, on a purely objective analysis of the work itself as viewed against a backdrop of the present tense. If what Miles has to say is worth being said *right now*, "Junior" and Holden will no doubt keep listening.

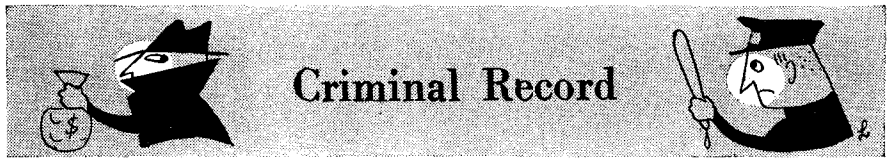
As nearly as I can determine, my final—but gentle—push into what might be labeled the "Junior"-Holden-let's-be-objective-school-of-art-appreciation was supplied by T. S. Eliot. In the concluding section of "The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism," Eliot has written:

> In a play by Shakespeare you get several layers of significance. For the simplest auditors there is the plot, for the more thoughtful the character and conflict of character, for the more literary the words and phrasing, for the more musically sensitive the rhythm, and for auditors of greater sensitiveness and understanding a meaning which reveals itself gradually.

In the phrase *several layers of significance*, Eliot sounds the unmistakable meaning that the reading of a work of art—whether Shakespeare, Emerson, Salinger, or "cool" jazz!—is a highly complex experience, an experience that can't be approached with a mind already cluttered with too many *things in the way*. For example, to read a play by Shakespeare effectually, the reader must be aware not only of what each word or phrase means in itself, but of what each word or phrase—each line, each page, each scene, each act—might mean in related, but varying contexts. The creative artist, as Eliot implies, deliberately selects words or phrases for their multiple possibilities of meaning. Attempting to provide—rather than avoid—intellectual stimuli for aware readers, the creative artist is simply not a Mickey Spillane grinding out X-equals-only-X, one-dimensional "whodunits."

Ostensibly, Eliot did not have "Junior" or Holden in mind when he suggested that "for auditors of greater sensitiveness and understanding" there is a meaning which reveals itself gradually. At least "The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism" was originally written by Eliot as a series of lectures—lectures directed to men of letters, hardly undergraduates. Yet, despite Eliot's feeling that the inner essence of a work is not immediately revealed, I believe that he would not contradict the "prof" in my "New England Renaissance" course who assumed that "Junior" had the power to sense right away what's being said. That is, the sensitive, understanding "Junior" who seems "to sense right away what's being said" is simply not "the auditor" who must patiently await the "meaning which reveals itself gradually." Ten, twenty, thirty—perhaps fifty or sixty years—separate "Junior," who has not yet lost his youthful sensitivity and perceptivity, from the elder "auditor." Understandably, the years that separate "the auditor" from "Junior" have meant to "the auditors" years of famine, feast, war, peace, mowing the lawn, shaving, sleeping, working plus anything else that might fill the daily life of a human being.

QUITE possibly the mature "auditor" cannot completely divorce his mind from the bills-to-be-paid, decisions-to-be-made, trivia-that-would-better-be-but-somehow-can't-be-set-aside, or any of the tangibles and intangibles of daily life *that, if forgotten*, might allow the beholder of a creative work to sense right away what's being said. Yet a sixteen-year-old's freedom to comprehend a work of art, it would seem, ought to be more than an unpleasant reminder to "the auditor" that his youth and the easy understanding of art which belonged to his youth are irretrievably lost. Once the more mature "auditor" achieves, even to a degree, the intense concentration which the unencumbered "Junior" and Holden seem to extend to an imaginative work, perhaps the "meaning which reveals itself gradually" might be perceived not "at once," but a great deal sooner.



A VICTIM MUST BE FOUND. *By Anne Hocking. Crime Club.* $2.95. Blackmailing English nurse gets her comeuppance; Superintendent Austen, CID, and team sort out plethora of suspects. Pleasant semipuzzler, told in words of one syllable.

A DAY IN MONTE CARLO. *By Martha Albrand. Random House.* $3.50. Yank illustrator scours Paris, Riviera, on hunt for Algerian terrorist held responsible for friend's death; beautiful French girl absorbs much of hero's time; evening in casino provides profitable interlude. Orthodox.

BE CAREFUL HOW YOU LIVE. *By Ed Lacy. Harper.* $2.95. Two wrong cops (U.S. metropolis) hoard huge kidnap ransom and await chance to lam; one of them tells own life story in series of convincing flashbacks. Ingenious and effective, with startling terminal twist.

CAKES FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY. *By C. E. Vuillamy. British Book Centre.* $2.95. English village gossip and slanderer, ticketed for extinction, is herself on spot when poison fells prominent citizeness; characters are named Mr. Lumjaw-Puddleboy, Sir Patcham Claydraw, etc. Whimsy all over.

DEATH OUT OF FOCUS. *By William Campbell Gault. Random House.* $2.95. Heavily insured male movie star crashes cliff; cops ponder accident-murder alternative; TV-vs.-pix crisis dominant. Knowledgeable Hollywood number is sensitive, perceptive.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE. *By Clarence Budington Kelland. Harper.* $3.50. Young NYC fireman (total-recall expert) joins chief marshal's staff as investigator; arson quotient's rise keeps him busy, but love triumphs; villain incredible type, but documentary stuff fine. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1307

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

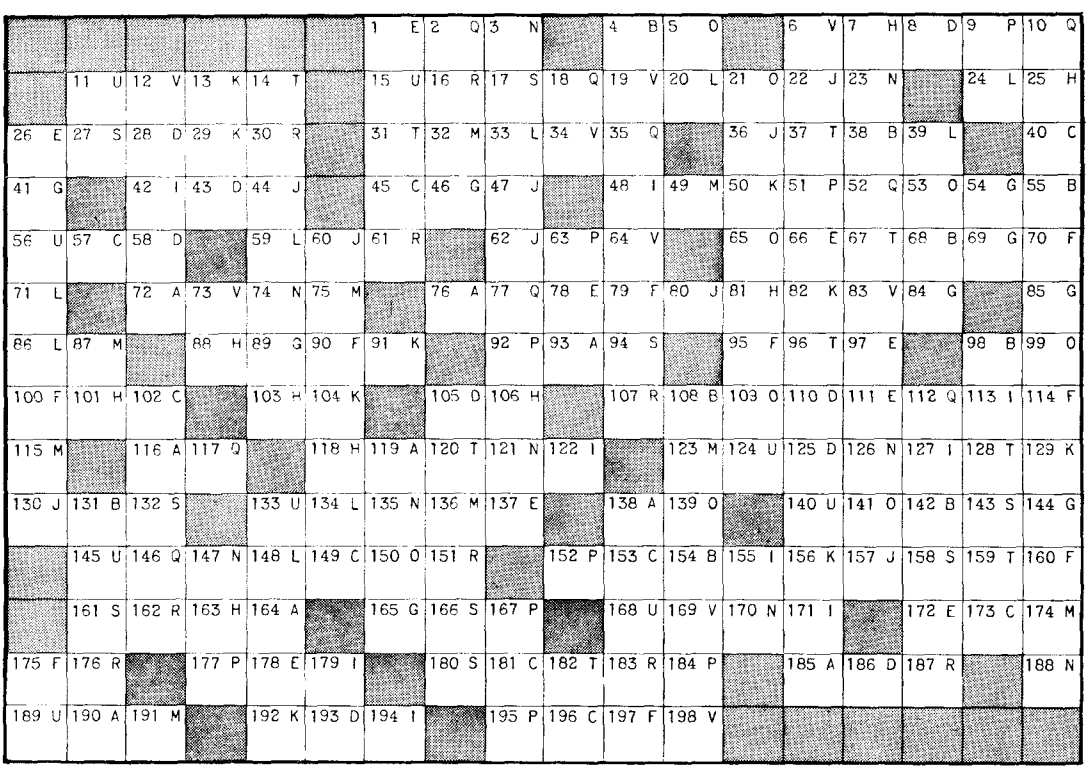
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Beyond control (3 wds.).	119 93 164 138 72 116 185 190 76
B. English Prime Minister at time of the Boston Teaparty (1732-92; 2 wds.).	131 154 55 108 38 142 98 68 4
C. Cambodia plus Laos plus Vietnam.	149 40 102 173 45 153 181 57 196
D. British prince who flourished in mid-5th cent., son-in-law of Hengist.	8 28 125 193 105 43 58 110 186
E. Pranks.	137 78 1 66 172 111 97 178 26
F. Ecstatic.	70 95 79 175 90 157 114 100 160
G. Webster's first def. is "Anything fed to" man's noble animal (2 wds.).	54 41 89 84 144 165 69 46 85
H. Sprightliness, ardor; raison d'être of Disney artists.	81 101 25 118 163 88 103 7 106
I. Antonym of Word H.	127 42 194 122 113 179 155 48 171
J. Dogs used to herd reindeer and as draft animals in Norway.	44 80 36 62 60 22 47 157 130
K. Describing the bridge players opposite the winners of a grand slam.	104 29 192 82 13 156 91 129 50
L. Main thoroughfares.	24 20 39 86 148 134 33 59 71

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Valuing for intrinsic worth.	75 136 123 87 174 32 49 115 191
N. French mathematician and philosopher who caught himself thinking (17th cent.).	170 121 23 74 147 135 3 126 188
O. Location of Mare Serenitatis (3 wds.).	21 139 53 141 5 65 99 109 150
P. Condition of disorder.	195 51 92 177 63 167 9 152 184
Q. Sine qua non.	146 18 10 117 52 112 77 2 35
R. Specifying the long-drawn-out, inconsequential tale, boring to hear (comp.).	176 162 107 151 183 30 187 16 61
S. Japanese money worth, formerly, about a dime (2 wds.).	27 180 166 94 161 132 143 158 17
T. County seat of shire where the highest peak of the Brit. Isles is to be found.	37 96 120 128 159 182 14 31 67
U. Amer. woman poet, asso. with Bret Harte, poet laureate of California, 1915 (1842-1928).	15 56 189 11 145 168 124 140 133
V. Rare affliction found most often in Negroes, in which red-blood cells are crescent-shaped, often accompanying severe anemia.	64 12 19 198 34 83 6 169 73

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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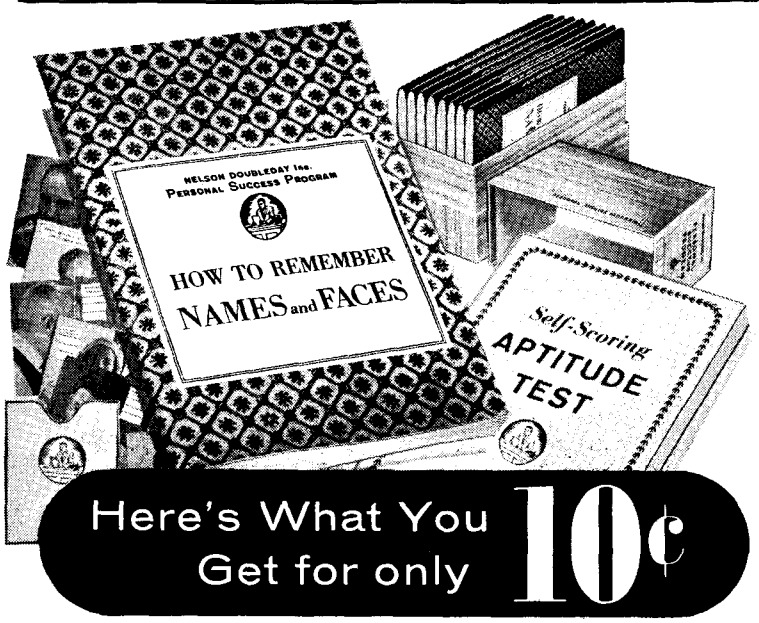

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